THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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EARLY GAELIC LITERATURE.

Dr. Douglas Hyde's Latest Contribution to the New Irish Library.

Mr. W. B. Yeats' Review of the Different Irish Novelists—"Representative Irish Tales."

BY M. J. MURPHY.

The sixth volume of the New Irish Library has just been published by T. Fisher Unwin, of London, and is one of the very best of the entire series. It bears the title of the "Story of Early Gaelic Literature," and is written for the purpose of revealing to the world the many beauties hitherto hidden in the mass of old Irish manuscripts now in the possession of the museums of Europe.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, the author of the work, is too well known to our readers to need any introduction to them. He has long laid the Irish race under deep obligations to him by his enthusiastic labors in the field of Gaelic literature. To him we are indebted for the preservation by collection and publication of the fast-dying traditions and fairy tales of the West of Ireland, and much of the success which has attended the struggle for the revival and propagation of the olden tongue is due to his tireless and well-directed efforts. Coming from such an authority as Dr. Hyde, this last addition to Irish literature must at once command the attention and interest not only of Irishmen but of philologists in general.

One fact must impress the reader ere he has turned many pages of the book and that is the sad manner in which Dr. Hyde has been handicapped by the size of the volume. He has so much to say and the space alloted to him is so small, that the matter is necessarily sketchy in its composition. The New Irish Library is designed as a popular series and the cost of it is so trivial that the expense of publishing an exhaustive review of the subject, which it richly deserves and which Dr. Hyde is capable of giving us, is not to be thought of for a moment. The famous Celtic philologist has the peculiar knack of condensing his matter in a readable form, however, and in the little volume we find more solid literature and more important facts than in a dozen of the ordinary Irish books.

The introduction to the book is an able one. In it Dr. Hyde gives a succinct history of the Irish language for the past three centuries, deals with the modern Gaelic literature and the causes of its decay. The initial chapter treats of the early use of letters among the Irish. The existing alphabet which has been used from the time of St. Patrick at least, is only a modification of the Roman, and it may fairly be surmised that the general introduction of it into Ireland is due to Christian missionaries. There is no reason, however, for supposing that it was St. Patrick or any other saint who introduced it. There must have been many isolated persons in Ireland in the fourth century, if not before, who were acquainted with the Roman letters. St. Chrysoston in his "Demonstration that Christ is God," written in the year 387, mentions that already churches and altars had been erected in the British Islands, and St. Jerome, in his "Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians" written about 392, abuses in his usual slashing style the Irishman, Celestius, who had been criticising some of that saint's writings. Gennadius, writing about one hundred years later, mentions that this same Irishman Celestius, while still a youth, wrote three epistles in the forun of little books, to his parents, who must, in fairness, be assumed to have been able to read them.

Several more instances of the early use of the Roman letters in the island are then given by Dr. Hyde, and some pages are devoted to the Ogam alphabet. The rest of the book is divided into chapters which deal respectively with "Early Irish Learning," "Some Early Native Poets," "The Importance of Old Irish Literature," "Early Irish Romances," "The Mythological Cycle," "The Red Branch or Heroic Cycle," "The Fenian Cycle," "Who are the Fenians?" "Miscellaneous Sagas," "The Ossianic Poems," "The Irish Annals," "The early Christian Writers," and finally "The Danish Period."

Throughout the entire work Dr. Hyde makes a number of very interesting extracts from the ancient manuscripts—in fact, they are so interesting that it is impossible not to have a desire to get at the whole of them, and if ever an incentive was placed before the young Irish people to learn their native tongue Dr. Hyde's book is certainly that one. The extracts from the bardic remains are many and their styles are also varied. We find that the olden Gael had quite as much of the humorous sense as his modern brother. They had their jesters, too; but the humor given by Dr. Hyde in his work is that of the literary and highly-educated class.

"The Story of Early Gaelic Literature" is essentially a propagandist work. Dr. Hyde's first thought is the preservation of the olden tongue and the literature in it, for it is only through the Irish language, he says, that we can ever read the ancient literature properly. We must learn the language and read the originals in it if we wish to find the immense significance to ourselves and the world in general of Irish literature. "Important as the getting of Irish literature into the English tongue must be," he writes, "it is of far more importance, from a literary and æsthetic standpoint, to diffuse a knowledge of the tongue itself in which it is written. And that tongue, that beautiful unmixed Aryan language, with the exception of the glorious Greek, which has now renewed its youth like the eagle, has left the longest, most luminous and most consecutive literary track behind it of any of the vernacular tongues of Europe." In the book just published by Dr. Hyde every Irishman with any pride in his race will have a number of facts to be proud of and the work is a monument of gold to the civilization and learning of ancient Ireland. It is published at the same price as the other volumes of the New Irish Library, one shilling, or 25 cents, and can be had at the Irish Industries Association, No. 179 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

One of the most indefatigable workers in the Irish literary movement is W. B. Yeats. When he is not writing original sketches, stories and poems, he is at work making collections of the works of other writers and placing them before the public in an interesting form.

The novelists of Ireland are an important study to which we have given too little attention. If you would know Ireland, body and soul, you must read its poems and stories. They came into existence to please nobody but the people of Ireland. Government did not make them on the one hand, nor bad seasons on the other. They are Ireland talking to herself. Mr. Yeats has recognized this fact, and one of his latest works is an anthology of Irish stories, entitled "Representative Irish Tales," in which he gives selections from the works of Maria Edgeworth, John and Michael Banim, William Carleton, Samuel Lover, Dr. Maginn, Charles Lever, T. Crofton Croker, Charles J. Kickham, and Rosa Mulholland.

In the introduction to the work Mr. Yeats dissects and tears to pieces many of the Irish novels and tells a number of very wholesome truths. "There is perhaps no other country in the world the style and nature of whose writers have been so completely governed by their birth and social standing," says Mr. Yeats. "Lever and Lover, and those like them, show constantly the ideals of a class that held its acres once at the sword's point; and a little later were pleased by the tinsel villainy of the Hell Fire Club—a class whose existence has, on the whole, been a pleasant thing enough for the world. It introduces a new wit—a humor whose essence was dare-deviltry and good-comradeship, half real, half assumed. For Ireland, on the other hand, it has been almost entirely an evil, and not the least of its sins against her has been the creation in the narrow circles of her dependents of the pattern used later on for that strange being called sometimes the stage Irishman.' They had found the serious passions and convictions of the true peasant troublesome and longed for a servant who would make them laugh, a tenant who would always appear merry in his checkered rags. The result was that there grew up around the big houses a queer mixture of buffoonery and chicanery tempered by plentiful gleams of better things—hearts grown crooked, where laughter was no less mercenary than the knavery."

Mr. Yeats' little review of the different Irish novelists, and his analysis of their styles of writing are not the least readable and interesting portions of the book. While being a graphic history of the modern Irish novel, it is a condemnation of many of the abuses that have not only crept into the literature, but also into the people of Ireland. The knave type of the Irish peasant of which he speaks is yet extant in the boatmen, guides, and mendicant hordes which gather around the tourists in the many pleasure resorts. The latter have read of the Irish peasant in the only novels of Irish life they know, those written by and for an alien gentry. The mendicants follow him for fear he might be disappointed. He thinks they are types of Irish poor people. He does not know that they are merely a portion of the velvet of aristocracy, now fallen in the dust. There are two volumes in "Representative Irish Tales," they are handsomely gotten up, both in binding and letter-press, and cost one dollar a volume. They are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Gaelic Athletic Association starts in this season under favorable auspices. Nine clubs have already affiliated, viz: The Emmets, Innisfails, Grattans, Liberators, O'Connells, Sarsfields, Parnells, O'Mahonys and Sheridans. The Davitts and Shamrocks are expected to affiliate at the next meeting of the Central Council, April 28. The entire business of the association this season will be managed by the central council. Last year a board of directors representing the stockholders of the association carried on its financial business; but on this board some of the clubs had no representation, and affairs were not satisfactory. Under the present arrangement, which was adopted at the recent convention of the clubs, the central council gets entire charge. This council, composed as it is of two representatives from each club, will be in touch with the entire association.

The grounds at Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue have been rented for the season, from May 5 to Nov. 17.

Football, hurling, running, jumping, weight-throwing, and other athletic events will be conducted every Sunday afternoon during the season. There will also be a special day for general athletic sports about the middle of the season, at which some of the events will be open to all amateurs.

The Shamrock Hurling Club of St. Louis, which was defeated by the Innisfails of Chicago last year on their own ground, will visit Chicago during the season to play a return game.

On the first day of the season, May 5, the Emmets will play against the Liberators, and the Grattans and Davitts against the Parnells and O'Connell's. On May 12 the Shamrocks and Innisfails will "play off" for the disputed football championship of last year. On the same day there will be a challenge hurling contest between the North and West Side clubs on the one hand, represented by the Sarsfields and Innisfails, and the South Side clubs on the other, represented by the O'Mahonys and the Sheridans. The council will spare no effort to make this day a grand opening demonstration.

The schedule of games for the season is being prepared by Messrs. J. Furlong, captain of the Sheridans; E. Cahill, captain of the Sarsfields; P. F. Guerin, president of the association, and P. D. Fitzgerald, recording secretary.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF MAURICE CREAN.

The sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Maurice Crean was a surprise to many readers of THE CITIZEN last week. The news was spread so rapidly that the house was thronged with the numerous friends and admirers of this famous Gaelic scholar. The remains of the deceased lay in a beautiful broadcloth casket, profusely covered with flowers—tokens of esteem from his friends; among the floral tributes were noticed a bouquet of full-blown white roses and Easter lilies from Mr. Alexander Sullivan, a beautiful cross from Mrs. Thomas Bird, a large harp from Mr. Fred Caliger, and other crosses, pillows and bouquets. The pallbearers were John Huggard, Stephen O'Brien, M. J. Sullivan, James Sullivan, Daniel Crane and J. Lynch.

The services at the church were of the most solemn character, and were conducted by the Rev. Father Riordan, who also accompanied the mourners to the grave, where he prayed with them. Many friends attended the funeral, those who were unable to be at the house met the cortege at the church, and still more at the cemetery. Among those at the church were noticed Rev. J. J. Carroll, of St. Thomas' church; Alexander Sullivan, Thomas Smyth, John Magnus, Walter Blake and Miss Mary E. Vaughan, all warm friends of the deceased.

The family, which consists of three daughters and two sons, has been the recipient of numerous letters of condolence and sympathy, also regrets from friends who were unable to attend the funeral.

NELLIE T. ENRIGHT.

On April 3, Nellie T. Enright, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Enright, No. 713 Jackson boulevard, died at the early age of 12 years, after a protracted illness, which she bore with all the bravery, patience and true Christian resignation which could be displayed by one having attained to the full age of perfect womanhood. The deceased was not only a warm favorite with her bereaved parents, and other members of her family, but also with companions, and in fact with all who came within the circle of her acquaintance. Vivacious, witty, affable, bright and pretty, Nellie Enright seemed to captivate all who came to know her, regardless of age, rank or sex. In fact to know her and study her sweet and amiable manner and observe her youthful beauty simply meant to admire and love her. The high esteem in which the deceased was held by those who had the pleasure of knowing her was amply testified to by the Rev. Father Cox in the beautiful, eloquent and touching panegyric which he delivered after solemn requiem mass at St. Jarlath's church on the 6th inst., and also by the large number of her schoolmates and companions who came to mourn over her bier, as well as by the large funeral cortege which accompanied her remains to Calvary cemetery. Although Mr. and Mrs. Enright have the deep sympathy and heartfelt condolence of a host of friends in their sad bereavement, yet it will be long ere they and the other members of their family can cease to mourn the loss of, or forget that sunny face framed in golden curls, and that lithe and graceful figure which were the characteristics of darling Nellie Enright when the writer saw her some few short weeks ago teeming with life, joy and beauty.

There is sadness 'round their dwelling,
for the beautiful who gave,
Light and sweetness to her household,
lies in darkness of the grave.
And the voice of joy is silent, for its
brightness is all gone.
Like the lonely bower of summer, when
the winter's gloom comes on.
Can we believe it? Can we believe it?
that so sweet a flower is dead,
Can we believe that such true loveliness
has filled an earthly bed?
Then away with all earth's phantoms,
grandeur, title, wealth and pride,
They are airy rainbow shadows since
our darling Nellie died.

E. F. R.

This Means Business.

On the principal lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway passenger trains are electric lighted, steam-heated and protected by block signals. With these modern appliances, railway traveling at high speeds has reached a degree of safety heretofore unknown and not attainable on roads where they are not in use. Electric lights and steam heat make it possible to dispense with the oil lamp and the car stove. Block signals have reduced the chances for collision to the minimum by maintaining an absolute interval of space between trains.

SEVENTH INFANTRY NEWS.

A New Company Mustered Into the Service of the State Last Week.

Election of Officers in Several of the Companies—The Regiment Will Parade on Decoration Day.

The Seventh Regiment made an addition to its numbers last Thursday evening, when Company I was mustered into the service of the State, with sixty-one strapping young Irishmen, by Col. Colby. First-Lieut. M. E. Cassidy, who recruited the company, was elected captain; he was formerly a member of the Second Infantry, but shortly after the Hibernian Rifles became the Seventh Infantry he was honorably discharged from the Second and immediately reenlisted in Company F, Seventh Infantry, where he was elected first lieutenant. Thomas J. McConlogue, who was elected first-lieutenant, was first sergeant of Company B, Second Infantry, which is considered the best drilled company in the State; previous to this Lieut. McConlogue was a member of the Sixth Iowa; being a man of wide experience he will be a credit to the Seventh. William Scahill, who was elected second lieutenant, was for several years captain of the Joliet Rifles. Company I certainly ought to make a record, because all the officers have had considerable military experience, and the captain is an enthusiastic Seventh Regiment man; he says that Company I will be the best company at the State encampment this year. Any Irishman or Irish-American of good character and of the requisite height and chest-measurement can join Company I by calling at the armory any Thursday night, and asking for Capt. Cassidy or by writing to him in care of American Express Company, 72 Monroe street. In less than six months Company I will undoubtedly be one of the best companies in the Seventh, and a man will consider himself fortunate if he can enlist in it. The officers of the company are particular as to whom they enlist, and will have none but the best men, who must be at least 5 feet 7 inches in height, and not less than 32 inches chest measurement.

Company K will be mustered in Saturday evening, April 20, with 54 men. The officers of the regiment are evidently working hard, and it is to be hoped their efforts will be crowned with success by getting the other two companies mustered in which are now in process of formation. They deserve great credit for the struggle they have made to preserve the Seventh intact as an Irish regiment.

An election for major of the First Battalion was held on Monday evening, April 15, Lieut-Col. Kavanagh presiding. Ex-Major James Lusk was elected. He has an excellent reputation in Irish military circles, and will no doubt be a help to the Seventh. Major Lusk was formerly a member of the old Second Regiment, and for years a major in the Hibernian Rifles.

At an election in Company H for first lieutenant, Lieut-Col. Kavanagh presiding, First Sergeant James Scanlan was unanimously elected. The members of the company offered the position to second lieutenant Malley, but he declined it in favor of Sergeant Scanlan, who is a man of wide experience, having served as sergeant in the United States Army. His selection was a good one, and will help to move his regiment and company to the front, as practical experience counts in military as well as in any other business.

An election was also held in Company F, Major G. J. Carroll presiding, at which Sergeant Thomas Kavanagh was elected second lieutenant. The elections lately have done much to build up the regiment, as the men elected are all popular and fairly well versed in military science; it is officers with practical experience who will bring the regiment to the front and place it in a position to be ranked as the best regiment in the State.

The Seventh Regiment has been invited to participate in the Decoration Day parade, and the invitation accepted. It is the duty of every member of the Regiment to attend every drill from this time on, because on that day the Seventh will probably head the line, and will be compared with the First and Second Regiments, which have been in existence for the last twenty years, and have had every facility for becoming proficient in drill. As one of the members remarked recently, "Our enemies on the outside do not know, or care to know, what difficulties the Seventh has had to overcome. We are Irish, and as such they have no use for us." It is to be hoped the Seventh will show that they have spirit, and are proud to be Irish; also that an Irish soldier can surmount any obstacle thrown in his way. They should strive to reflect credit on themselves and on their race, but they cannot do so unless they attend their drills regularly.

Napoleon's Genius in War.

With the entry into Milan, therefore, begins a new epoch in the remarkable development we are seeking to outline. The military genius of him who had been the Corsican patriot and the Jacobin republican had finally asserted dominion over his other qualities. In the inconsistency of human nature, these former characters now and then showed themselves as still existent, but they were henceforth subordinate. The conquered Milanese was by a magical touch provided with a provisional government, ready, after the tardy assent of the Directory, to be changed into the Transpadane Republic, under French protection. Every detail of administration, every official and his functions, came under Bonaparte's direction. He knew the land and its resources, the people and their capacities, the mutual relations of the surrounding states, and the idiosyncrasies of the rulers. Such laborious analysis as his despatches display, such grasp both of outline and detail, such absence of confusion and clearness of vision, such lack of hesitance and definition of plan, seem to prove that either a hero or a demon is again on earth.

All the capacity this man had hitherto shown, great as it was, sinks into insignificance when compared with the Olympian powers he now displays, and will continue to display for years to come. His sinews are iron, his nerves steel, his eyes need no sleep, and his brain no rest. What a captured Hungarian veteran said of him at Lodi is as true of his political activity as of his military restlessness: "He knows nothing of the regular rules of war; he is sometimes on our front, sometimes on the flank, sometimes in the rear. There is no supporting such a gross violation of rules." His senses and his reason were indeed untrammeled by human limitations; they worked on front, rear, and flank, often simultaneously, and always without confusion.—*Prof. Sloane's Life of Napoleon in the Century for April.*

LITERARY.

The "Arena."

The April *Arena* contains a great variety of good reading matter, and shows the usual keen sense of the shifting current of popular interest in its editorial conduct. The opening paper is a sound and scholarly paper on the "Higher Criticisms as Viewed by a Liberal Scholar"—J. H. Long, A. M., LL. B. Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt, the Orientalist, whose papers on the adepts of Thibet have created so much discussion, replies to his critics in a lively paper called "A Plea for Pantheism." Lydia Avery Coonley contributes a fine thoughtful poem on "Heredity." John Ransom Bridge writes a budget of reminiscences of that strange figure in modern history, Madame Blavatsky. Mr. Bridge knew the high priestess of Theosophy intimately, and he gives several pen pictures of her that cannot fail to have great fascination for the lovers of strange and bizarre personalities. A fine portrait of H. P. B., from one of her latest sittings, accompanies the article. B. O. Flower's series on "The Italy of the Century of Sir Thomas More" develops in strength and interest, and the parallels shown between those days and our own are most startling to students of our social history in the making. Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke writes on "The Mission of Practical Occultism." Thomas J. Middleton makes "A Southerner's Plea for Peace." Victor Yarros, a writer of the extreme individualistic Spencerian school, writes on "The Palladium of Liberty."

Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston University Law School, begins a valuable series on present day economic questions, opening with a paper of great breadth dealing with "The People's Highways." George W. Pepperell writes "An Open Letter to Hon. Thomas B. Reed," in the Series of Open Letters to Prominent Politicians, and it will be lively reading for all who follow politics closely. Adeline Knapp, a clever and well-known journalist of San Francisco, who knows politics inside and out, writes a striking paper which she calls "San Francisco and the Civic Awakening." I. E. Dean, one of the ablest authorities on the literature of money now living, writes a paper called "An American Financial System." Harry C. Vrooman deals with "Crime and the Enforcement of Law." Marietta Holley, "Josiah Allen's Wife," contributes a bright sketch, "Beyond the Shadows." Dr. R. B. Leach gives "A Physician's Point of View" on the question of the Age of Consent, showing the especial physical perils which exist for young girls at the age which is made legal in the most highly protected States. The Comments on Current Politics and the Books of the Day complete a good number.

"What Woman Has Done, Woman May Do."

Those who know something of the generous impulses as well as the capriciousness of the great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, relate numerous instancer of her kind-heartedness, and her willingness at all times, when properly approached, to use her influence and talents for the benefit of others. The case of a Frenchman who was in a pitiable condition was mentioned to Bernhardt, and she personally investigated the matter. It was in the United States, and during her last season here. She found her countryman stranded, his family suffering. He was a gentleman and a scholar. Bernhardt decided upon something practical as a means of permanent relief to the unfortunate man. She mapped out his career as a teacher of languages to the most fashionable people—first having him to assist her in the preparation of a series of readings which she had promised to give, introducing him at that and subsequent receptions. His future prosperity was assured from that very moment.

The beautiful voice, carefully cultivated for professional uses in Paris and Germany, of Miss Lakey, daughter of the widely known cattle painter, Mrs. Emily J. Lakey, is often heard at the east and west side missions of New York. With charming tact and generosity, she judges quickly of the predominating nationality of her audience, and favors them with French, English, Scotch, Irish, German or Italian ballads, as the case may be, and says that she values an encore from her untutored hearers far more than from a fashionable or cultured congregation. Such things as these serve to inspire us with renewed zeal and ambition, and we heartily reiterate, "What woman has done, woman may do." By her all avenues can be trodden and all latch-strings will lift at her bidding.—*Sarah E. Towne, in Home and Country for April.*

"The Gaelic Journal."

The March number of the Dublin *Gaelic Journal* has come to hand. If is, as usual, bright and attractive, a thing of beauty and joy to lovers of the long-neglected language of Ireland. It is a genuine pleasure to learn from the cheerful pages of the *Journal* that at last a brighter day may be anticipated for the Irish language. Everywhere there are signs that the people of Ireland are beginning to recognize its value, and to be sensible of the shame and disgrace of letting their language die "because they heard from the Sassenach it was the language of slaves, and vulgar." Our readers are no doubt aware that the *Gaelic Journal* is the only publication in Ireland devoted exclusively to the Irish language. Recently several of the metropolitan and provincial journals have opened their pages for "Gaelic Departments," in which considerable Gaelic matter is printed, but the *Gaelic Journal* is the recognized organ of the Irish language movement in Ireland. No one who wishes well to the language can do anything more helpful than to subscribe for the *Journal*. The annual subscription is six shillings ($1.50), and may be sent to the business manager, Joseph Dollard, Wellington quay, Dublin Ireland.

Early Life of Paul Jones.

There is no record of his having attended any school except that of the parish of Kirkbean; but he developed a truly Scotch passion for reading and writing. He went to sea when 12 years old, and made two voyages, during his minority, in a slaver; but, hating the traffic, he left it and the ship too. At 20 he was in command of a fine brigantine. About this time occurred what he calls, in a letter to Robert Morris, "a great misfortune," adding: "I am under no concern whatever that this, or any other circumstance of my past life, will sink me in your opinion." The trouble was a threatened criminal prosecution for having had a carpenter flogged—which was the usual mode of punishment in those days. The matter was investigated, and Paul Jones was fully acquitted.

It is worthy of remark that the magistrate who inquired into the matter notes that Paul Jones expressed great sorrow for having had the man flogged, although the charge of cruelty was fully disproved. He returned to Scotland once after this, and although affectionately received by his own family, his friends and neighbors seem to have treated him coldly. The smart from this injustice turned the indifference he felt for his native land into hatred, and ever after he considered himself quite free from any responsibility for having been born and having spent the first twelve years of his life in so inhospitable a country.

In his 27th year a great and fortunate change occurred to him. His brother William, who had emigrated to Virginia and died there, left him an estate. There is no doubt that Paul Jones was often afterward in want of ready money; but it must be remembered that everybody was in want of ready money in the eighteenth century. Certain it is, from his papers preserved at Washington, that he might be considered at the beginning of the war a man of independent fortune.

The two years of his life in Virginia are obscure, as might be expected from a man living the life of a provincial country gentleman, which the records concerning him prove. At the outbreak of war with the mother county, Paul Jones hastened to Philadelphia, and through Mr. Joseph Hewes, a member of congress from North Carolina, got his commission as senior first lieutenant in the infant navy of the colonies. It was then he made the acquaintance of Robert Morris, to whom he felt a passionate gratitude and affection, and whom he named as sole executor in his will, Mr. Hewes being then dead.—*Miss Molly Elliot Seawell in the Century for April.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

DIED IN HIS PRIME.

JAMES W. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR OF THE CHICAGO HERALD.

Death Claims Him While at New York—His Wife and Little Niece the Only Relatives Present When the End Came—Apoplexy Given as the Cause of His Taking Off.

NEW YORK, April 16.—James W. Scott, proprietor of the Chicago Times-Herald and the Chicago Evening Post, died yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Holland house, this city. His death was very sudden. He was taken with pains in the left side in the morning and a doctor was

JAMES W. SCOTT.

called. He said the pain arose from the passage of a stone from the bladder, and administered morphine. At 1 o'clock Mr. Scott became unconscious, and the doctor was hastily summoned again. He found that apoplexy had supervened, probably brought on from the pain, and Mr. Scott died without recovering consciousness. Mrs. Scott and a little niece were the only relatives with him.

Great Shock to His Friends.

The news of Mr. Scott's death spread quickly and was a great shock to his friends in the city and from the west who happened to be in New York. Many called and sent to Mrs. Scott their condolence and expressions of deep sympathy. Among those who called were Ambrose Butler, James S. Metcalf (of Life), Walter Dunham, Amos P. Handy and John E Wilkie, who returned from London Saturday.

Captain John Allen, U. S. N., said that he was never more shocked than when he heard of Mr. Scott's death. He considered that his loss to Chicago would be irreparable. He had an immense influence in political and municipal affairs and invariably did what was right.

Herald Always on the Outside.

"I was at the Waldorf with him last night," said Mr. Allen. "Mr. Scott never appeared in better spirits. I asked him why he called the consolidated newspaper the Times-Herald.

"He said, laughing: 'When the paper is folded the word Times will be on the inside and the name Herald will always appear on the outside.' Mr. Scott was a dear, good man, and I shall miss him more than I can tell."

Arrangements for the Funeral.

The funeral will take place in Chicago, but no date has as yet been fixed. Mr. Scott's body will be conveyed to that city this afternoon by the West Shore limited. The newspaper men of this city will make arrangements to escort the body to that city. They will hold a meeting today to complete arrangements.

James W. Scott was born in Walworth county, Wis., in June, 1849, and started the Chicago Herald in 1881, making it in a comparatively short time a phenomenal success. He was known all over the country, and the editorial columns of the newspapers all testify to the estimation in which he was held.

WHISKY TRUST IS MORIBUND.

Its Properties To Be Sold Because It No Longer Has a Legal Existence.

CHICAGO, April 13.—The properties of the whisky trust will be sold to the highest bidder. Judge Showalter, of the United States circuit court, in an order issued yesterday admitted that the trust no longer had a legal existence. Its board of directors was charged with having deserted its trusteeship; that it had no quorom, and that any election of new members of the board would not enable it to reacquire the property from the receiver.

The court directed that the receiver sell the property, "and that the proceeds be distributed among those entitled thereto." The attorneys for the Greenhut faction and the stockholders consented to the action of the court. The bill upon which the order is based was an application for a receiver by Stephen D. Boyer, of New York, the owner of 500 shares of stock.

Receiver McNulta was aware of the purpose of bringing the suit and approves the course taken. The fact is that nothing else could be done. The charter of the company is voided, the property in the hands of the United States, and there could be but one course to be pursued, and that the one set out in the bill.

Terrible Crime at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16.—The Emanuel Baptist church at Bartlett street, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third in this city, has been the scene of two of the most atrocious murders ever committed in the state. Saturday the mutilated and murdered body of Minnie Williams was found in the library of the edifice. Sunday the nude body of Blanche Lamont was found in the tower of the same church. The same hand, the authorities believe, slew both girls and W. H. T. Durant, the young man suspected of both crimes, is now in custody.

Rice Mills Destroyed.

SAVANNAH, Ga., April 12.—The Savannah rice mills on the river front, at the foot of Habersham street, a large four-story brick building, were completely destroyed by fire with the entire stock of probably 50,000 bushels of rice. The loss is estimated at about $125,000. On the buildings and plant there is an insurance of $60,000, and the loss by the destruction of the rice, is about covered by insurance.

Had to Kill Two Rioters.

ST. LOUIS, April 13.—In a riot between native and foreign railroad laborers at Siloam Springs, Ark., several shots were fired and one of the parties was badly wounded. A federal deputy marshal attempted to quell the disturbance. He was set upon by four of the rioters and was compelled to kill two of them in self-defense.

BRITONS WARNED.

Told by Uncle Sam They Must Not Fire on Greytown.

NEW YORK, April 16.—A special from Washington says:

"From what can be learned from trustworthy sources Secretary Gresham through Ambassador Bayard has informed Great Britain that this country will not permit, without protest, the bombardment of Greytown.

"The landing of English troops on Nicaraguan soil will be viewed as an act inimical to American interests."

SITUATION AT CINCINNATI MINES.

Strikers Get No Sympathy from the Citizens—Militia on Guard.

CENTERVILLE, Ia., April 13.—Affairs at Cincinnati have not materially changed in the last twenty-four hours. One company of militia, thirty-eight strong, is on duty there, but according to all accounts there have been no offers of actual violence. The miners are all at work, and say they intend to stay at work as long as there is anything to do. Cincinnati is not situated exactly as some of the other mining towns of the state.

Many of the working miners are native residents of the place and are all law-abiding, thrifty people. They own their own houses. In their efforts to work they have the sympathy of the entire community and not only the sympathy, but the active help. The citizens are organized and assist in guarding the property and persons of the working miners. The visiting miners are by no means welcome and cannot buy a cent's worth of goods in the place.

There will be a general meeting of miners held at Centerville today, and it is expected that the men will march over to Cincinnati and make one more effort. If trouble occurs at all it will be then. Three shots were fired into the tipple of the Thistle company Thursday night about 10:30. There was an armed guard there, but the parties who fired the shots ran away and no harm was done.

The White Breast Mine, at Forbusch, and the Centerville Block company, which controls nine mines, are at work and are paying the old scale. Many of the visiting delegation at Cincinnati are working at these mines and spend their idle time trying to get the Cincinnati miners out, and there is a feeling that their efforts are not entirely disinterested. They might as well spend their idle time there as any place else, as they get board free while there.

CENTERVILLE, April 16.—The strike strike situation in this locality is about in statu quo. The strikers moved on the miners at Jerome and they came out. They expect to again congregate at Cincinnati today. There are not to exceed sixty men working at the various Cincinnati mines and the trouble is all over them.

The strikers have their side of the story and protest that they intend no violence; that they have a right to organize and in a peaceable manner assert their rights; that they are making these demonstrations to induce all the miners to demand the schedule price or not to work.

BANDIT PERRY'S BOLD BREAK.

How He Escaped from the Poughkeepsie Asylum—His Crime.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 13.—The mystery surrounding the escape of Perry and the other four convicts has baffled the authorities of the Matewan state asylum. The men were confined in separate rooms all opening off the isolation ward. Each one left his room without forcing the door, and the double locks are broken. As Carmody, the keeper, was passing through the isolation ward he was seized by Perry, Quigley and McGuire. The latter wanted to kill him, but Perry objected. They gagged and bound him and locked him in Perry's room and then left, finding little difficulty in leaving the asylum when they had all the keys.

None of the fugitives has been captured. Perry is the man who in 1892 tried to rob a car on a train going west from Syracuse. He severely shot the messenger, and then jumped from the train and seized a locomotive which he forced the engineer to run with. A locomotive went in pursuit, but when Perry found that it was catching him he had his engine reversed, and shot into the cab of the other engine as they passed. This was repeated, and then Perry got off the engine and took to the woods. He was captured later and sent to the penitentiary, but went insane and was removed to the asylum.

CUBAN REBELLION A LOST CAUSE.

Maceo Captured and Crombet Killed—Campos Nearing the Island.

HAVANA, April 16.—The news here is that on Saturday the Cuban army and the Spanish soldiers met at Palmarito. The rebel forces numbered 2,000 men and that of the Spaniards 3,000. A desperate battle followed, and, according to official reports, lasted two hours. At the end of that time the rebels retreated, were pursued by the Spanish troops and Maceo captured. His secretary was also taken, and all the personal and private papers of General Maceo were confiscated.

Crombet has been killed and thus the two men upon whom the rebels depended are no longer elements in the problem. Without these leaders all is chaos, it is said, in the rebel ranks, and the last hope is gone. Meanwhile General Martin Compos has sailed from Porto Rico and is nearing the island that he once relieved of a similar rebellion.

PEACE CONVENTION IS SIGNED.

Japan and China Agree to Terms Which Are Briefly Given.

LONDON, April 16.—A dispatch to The Times from Shanghai says that Li Hung Chang's son telegraphs that a peace convention has been signed at Shimonoseki by the plenipotentiaries of China and Japan. Following are the terms of the convention:

1.—The Independence of Corea.

2.—That Japan retains the places she has conquered.

3.—That Japan shall also retain the territory east of the Liao river.

4.—That the island of Formosa be ceded permanently to Japan.

5.—The payment of an indemnity of $100,000,000.

6.—An offensive and defensive alliance.

Professor William McAdams Drowned.

ALTON, Ills., April 16.—Professor William McAdams' body has been found at Eagle Nest island. He had been drowned in the Mississippi river in attempting to get a boat which had drifted from the bank.

ASK FOR REHEARING.

BUSINESS MEN SAY THE RECENT DECISION DOES NOT DECIDE.

Only Productive of Endless and Time-Wasting Litigation—Three Important Points That Were Not Passed Upon Noted and a Request That They Be Heard by a Full Court.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The petition for a rehearing in the income tax cases has been filed in the supreme court and that body will possibly announce its decision next week. Attorney General Olney and ex-Senator Edmunds were in court in the interest of the government and appellants, respectively, but there was no occasion for them to act in the matter. The petition names the cases of Charles Pollock vs. the Farmer's Loan and Trust company, and Lewis H. H. Reid vs. the Continental Trust company, of New York, as those desired reheard. The petition sets forth the imperative need of a final determination by a full bench of the questions as to which the court was equally divided.

Dissatisfaction with the decision of the court seems to be general and it is believed that the administration will do all in its power to secure a rehearing of the case. The government, however, will not consent to a reargument of any particular question involved, but will insist that if a rehearing is granted the whole case be reargued. The only point decided by the court which meets with the approval of the government is that exempting from the tax incomes from state and municipal bonds. The rent exemption is being rigorously attacked, and the contention is made that if the late decision stands persons who paid the $150,000,000 or more collected during the war on incomes from rents have at least an equitable claim against the government for restitution.

Points That Need To Be Passed Upon.

The petition for rehearing sets forth that while the court has decided two points of the law as to rents and municipal bonds, yet no judgment has been announced authoritatively establishing any principle for interpreting the act on the following three points:

1. Whether the void provisions invalidate the whole act.

2. Whether as to the income from personal property as such the act is unconstitutional as laying direct taxes.

3. Whether any part of the tax, if not considered as a direct tax, is invalid for want of uniformity.

The petition for rehearing then recites that in the early history of the supreme court a rule of practice was adopted requiring, if practicable, constitutional questions to be heard by a full bench. This rule was announced by Chief Justice Marshall as the practice of this court, except in cases of absolute necessity. This rule was afterward followed by Chief Justice Waite in the appeal of a New York case. At the time Justice Woods was ill and absent and took no part in the case. A petition for a reargument was presented on the grounds laid down in Chief Justice Marshall's rule. The petition was granted and the case was not reargued until the bench was full.

The petition next urges that no case could arise more imperatively requiring the application of the rule that the income tax case, which affects the citizens of the country generally. The petition continues: "These appellants may well urge that these serious constitutional questions should be finally decided before their trustee expends their funds in voluntary payment of the tax. In addition it is manifest that until some decision is reached the courts will be overwhelmed with litigation upon these questions, and the payment and collection of the tax will be most seriously embarrassed.

Will Pay Under Protest.

"Every taxpayer to any considerable extent will pay the tax under protest and sue to recover the same, and if necessary sue out his writ of error to this court. The court will of necessity be burdened with reargruments of these questions without number, until they are finally settled. Still further, as the matter now stands, it has been decided that a tax upon the income of land is unconstitutional, while the court has made no decision as to the validity of the tax upon income of personal property. Serious questions have, therefore, already arisen as to what is in fact to be deemed the income of real estate and what is the income of real and what of personal property, in cases where both are employed in the production of the same income."

In conclusion the petition asks that the cases be restored to the docket for reargument on the questions upon which the court was evenly divided. In case this is denied the petition asks that the court below may be directed to determine, first, whether or not the invalidity of the statute in the respects already specified renders the same altogether invalid, and second, whether or not the act is constitutional in the respects not decided by this court.

The Murder of E. R. Hunter.

CHICAGO, April 15.—E. R. Hunter, the wealthy stock yards man who was assaulted by an unknown assassin in his office last Friday night, died later. The murder created intense excitement among stock yards people. A mass meeting of merchants and brokers was held and a reward of $1,000 was offered for the arrest of the murderer. A large force of detectives is working on the case, but so far no clues as to the assassin have been found.

Found the Body in a Cistern.

CINCINNATI, April 15.—Mrs. Julia Butterfass, the aged wife of an invalid, disappeared. In a closet was found a note which read: "Good-by, friends, I am tired of life and am going to commit suicide. I leave all my clothes to my daughter." Two policemen were called and a search of the cistern resulted in the finding of Mrs Butterfass' body. Life had been extinct several hours.

Heavy Failure at Sioux City.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., April 13.—The Northern Investment company, a Boston organization, has been placed in the hands of a receiver on application of Charles C. Harrison, of Philadelphia, who holds a $100,000 bond of the company. The total liabilities are $700,000. T. A. Black, of this city, was appointed receiver. The failure does not affect any business interest here.

Ten Buildings Wiped Out.

ELKHORN, Neb., April 16.—A fire started by a spark from a Union Pacific engine consumed ten buildings. Loss, $25,000; practically no insurance.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

"Cherokee Bill" the Noted Outlaw to Die on June 25.

FORT SMITH, Ark., April 15.—Crawford Goldaby, alias Cherokee Bill, was sentenced in the United States court to be hanged Tuesday, June 25, for the murder of Ernest Melton at Lenapah, I. T. Cher-

CHEROKEE BILL.

okee Bill and Verdigris Kid were robbing Schufeldt's store and Melton peeped in to see what was going on when Cherokee Bill shot him. Cherokee Bill, who was the most brutal and savage member of the Cook gang, took his sentence stoically and without showing any feeling at all.

Declines the Invitation.

CHICAGO, April 15.—The business men and citizens of Chicago who invited President Cleveland to visit Chicago are to be disappointed. The invitation, which was beautiful gotten up and bound, was for the President and Mrs. Cleveland to attend a public reception in this city as an expression of appreciation of his "statesman-like and courageous action in maintaining the financial credit of our government and your uncompromising attitude in favor of the preservation of a sound national currency." Last evening Hon. Henry S. Robbins received a letter from the president declining the invitation, while expressing his gratification for the compliment, although his attachment for the cause was so great that his personal inclination was strongly in favor of acceptance.

Nicargua's Reply to England.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—Nicaragua has replied to England's demand for indemnity for the injury to Pro-Consul Hatch and other things. Her reply is pacific and, briefly, announces that the order of expulsion against British subjects was revoked before the demand was received, and suggests that the whole question of indemnity be left to arbitration.

Swindler Fined and Sentenced.

CLEVELAND, April 15.—Editor Elijah Robinson, who fleeced thousands of people throughout the country by means of a publication called The Ladies' Gem Monthly, a fake rebus and bogus watch scheme, was sentenced in the United States court to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $250.

Meeting of the Y. W. C. A.

PITTSBURG, April 15.—The fifth annual international convention of the Young Women's Christian association will meet here April 18-21, and it is expected 250 delegates will be present from the United States and the British provinces.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, April 15.

Money on call easy at 2@2½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 489¼@488½ for demand and 488¾@488¾ for sixty days; posted rates 488½@490 and 490@490½; commercial bills 487½.

Silver certificates, 67½; sales 10,000; bar silver, 67½. Mexican dollars, 53.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's, ex-int. reg. 120½; do coupons, ex-int. 120¾; 5's reg. ex-int. 114¼; 5's coupons, ex-int. 115¼; 4's reg. 111½; 4's coupons, 112; 2's reg. 95; Pacific 6's of '95 100 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, April 15.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened 55¼c, closed 56¼c. May, opened 57½c, closed 58½c; July, opened 56¾c, closed 57¾c. Corn—April, nominal, closed 45¼c; May, opened 45¾c, closed 47¾c; July, opened 46¾c, closed 46¼c. Oats—April, nominal, closed 28c; May, opened 28¾c, closed 29¾c; June, opened 28¾c, closed 28¾c. Pork—May, opened $12.40, closed $12.45; July, opened $12.55, closed $12.65. Lard—May, opened 47.0a, closed $7.05.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11c per dozen. Live Poultry—Chickens, 10c per lb; turkeys, 7@12c; ducks, 10@11c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to choice, 68@72 per bushel; Hebrons, 65@69c; Peerless, 62@68c; mixed stock, 60@70 Seed stock—Early Ohio, 80@85c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, common to choice, $1.75@2.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $2.00@2.75 per box. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@4.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, April 15.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 25,000; sales ranged at $3.85@4.80 pigs, $4.60@5.00 light, $4.65@4.80 rough packing, $4.75@5.10 mixed, and $4.85@5.15 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 8,000; quotations ranged at $4.90@6.35 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@5.85 good to choice ditto, $4.00@5.35 fair to good, $4.20@4.85 common to medium ditto, $4.00@4.50 butchers' steers, $2.70@4.80 stockers, $3.80@4.75 feeders, $1.75@3.80 cows, $3.50@5.00 heifers, $2.50@5.00 bulls, $3.25@5.75 Texas steers, and $2.50@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 14,000; sales ranged at $3.00@4.75 westerns, $2.50@4.25 Texas, $2.00@4.90 natives, and $3.75@5.80 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, April 15.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 58¾c; No. 1 northern, 66c; May, 58¾c. Corn—No. 3, 47¾c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31¾c; No. 3 white, 32c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 42c; samples, 51½@55c. Rye—No. 1, 59¾c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, April 15.

Wheat—Cash, 54c; April, 55¾c nominal; May, 54¾@55¼c bid; July, 55¼c bid. Corn—Cash, 42¾c; April, 42¾c nominal; July, 43¼c; May, 42¾@42¾c bid; September, 44¼c bid. Oats—Cash, 30c bid; April 30c nominal; May, 29¾c asked; June, 29¾c nominal; July, 30c nominal.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, April 15.

Wheat—Cash, 58¼c; May, 58¾c; July, 58¾@58¾c; August, 58¾c; No. 3 soft, 57¼c. Corn—Cash, 45¼c; May, 46c asked. Oats—Cash, 31c. Rye—Nominal.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, April 11.—The senate passed some Chicago park bills, including one to permit the enlargement of Lincoln park. A conference committee was appointed on the Anna asylum appropriation. The bill making Decoration Day a school holiday was passed, and a number of bills advanced to third reading. The anti-pool bill was postponed a week. The house committee on elections was addressed by a large number of women who urged the passage of a woman suffrage bill. A delegation of men is working hard for a county civil service bill. The arbitration bill was amended and advanced to third reading. A state civil service bill was introduced, and a bill allowing school districts to assess a 3 per cent. school tax where necessary was passed. Both houses resolved to adjourn from this evening to next Wednesday.

SPRINGFIELD, April 12.—A bill was introduced in the senate by Hamer making it a penal offense to engage in any kind of gambling in any manner. The adjournment to next Wednesday was postponed until today in both houses. The report on the Anna asylum appropriation reducing it to $171,970 was concurred in. Bills appropriating $65,000 to mark the positions of Illinois troops at Chickamauga; to establish a home for the mothers, widows and daughters of disabled or dead veterans, and appropriating $2,532,000 for ordinary expenses of the state charitable institutions for the years 1895 and 1896 were passed. A number of bills were advanced. In the house a bill was introduced to give Cook county a separate government, making the county almost a state, governed by a senate and house. The Anna hospital report was agreed to. The resolution condemning the administration's pension policy was adopted by a party vote.

SPRINGFIELD, April 13.—According to an agreement entered into by members of the senate no business was transacted, and after receiving a message from the house the senate adjourned until next Wednesday. The members present were Swayer, Mahoney, Hamer, Wall, Kanean, Niehaus, and Leeper. The house was in session less than an hour, but during that time read a large number of bills the first time and advanced them, and then adjourned till Wednesday.

FIRE IN A STATE CAPITOL.

The Beautiful State House Building of Illinois Damaged by Flames.

SPRINGFIELD, April 15.—Fire broke out Saturday in the senate wing of the state house, and fanned by a fierce gale raged for over an hour and caused a damage of $25,000—possibly more. During the fire the greatest excitement prevailed among the inmates of the state house, and owing to the high wind and the difficulty of getting at the fire, which was under the roof, it was for a time feared that the whole of the magnificent capitol would be ruined. The fire was discovered by the janitor in the senate chamber. The firemen and employes of the state then spent half an hour in vain search for the flames.

During the progress of the fire the officials of all the departments made haste to get all the valuable documents, trophies, etc., in their offices into the fire-proof vaults where they would be safe from destruction. Quantities of water poured through the roof leaked through the senate ceiling, causing much damage. The smoke penetrated all parts of the west wing, and has probably caused much damage. Both libraries, however, escaped. There is no insurance. A large force of men was at once set to work to repair the damage.

Elliott Bohannan Herndon.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 15.—Elliott Bohannan Herndon, a pioneer lawyer of Illinois, died at his home in this city. For forty-five years he was one of the leading lawyers of Illinois. He was a brother of William H. Herndon, law partner of President Lincoln, and was an associate of Lincoln, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, Lyman Trumbull, E. D. Baker, John M. Palmer, and O. H. Browning, Judge Stephen L. Logan, Ninian W. Edwards, John T. Stewart, and other lawyers of marked ability.

Call for a Monetary Conference.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 11—Chairman Hinrichsen of the Democratic state central committee has issued the official call for the state convention or monetary conference, to be held at Springfield June 5, 1895. The basis of representation is to be one delegate for every 300 votes or fraction of 150 or over cast for Bernard J. Claggett for state treasurer in 1894.

Killed by a Falling Window.

PANA, Ills., April 11.—Louis Hearts, 10 years old, lost his life here in a remarkable matter. He returned home while his mother was in a neighbor's and, finding himself locked out, raised a window and was climbing in. The sash fell down and broke his neck, tearing apart a leader in the back of his neck and crushing the bones.

Brick Works Destroyed by Fire.

GLEN CARBON, Ills., April 15.—The St. Louis Pressed Brick works at this place were almost totally destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at nearly $250,000, and is fully covered by insurance. About 300 men are thrown out of employment. The Eastern Railway company lost twenty cars in the fire.

Notes of the State.

Theodore Kettles and Charles Jenkins were arrested at Mount Carmel, Ills., charged with robbing the mails. They were held for trial in bonds of $1,000 each.

The creamery at Moweaqua, Ills., that cost $6,000 has been sold for $300 to North Dakota purchasers.

Joseph Pierce, aged 60, familiarly known as "Uncle Joe," committed suicide at Beardstown, Ills., by drowning himself in the Illinois river.

Fred Nightingler, 16 years old, tried to make a coupling on a Big Four freight train at Marshall, Ills. His right arm was caught between the bumpers and was so badly fractured that it had to be amputated at the shoulder. The hurt is likely to prove fatal.

The dry goods firm of S. G. Austin & Co. at Dixon, Ills, was closed by the sheriff on a judgment for $5,400. The liabilities are $8,000, assets about $12,000

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, April 10.

The consumption of coal by locomotives in the United States in 1893 amounted to 50,009,000 tons, or about one-third of the whole production of the country.

The American Association of General Baggage Agents will hold its annual convention at Buffalo July 17.

The Carson City mint may be discontinued as a result of the recent discovery of embezzlement there.

W. Jennings Demorest, the well known Prohibitionist, died yesterday at New York after a week's illness.

German agrarians are trying to shut out American cracked oats either on hygienic grounds or by a prohibitive tariff.

Albert McLain, one of the Cripple Creek miners accused of participation in the blowing up of the Strong mine shaft-house last summer, has been found not guilty. He is held on other charges growing out of the Cripple Creek trouble.

A bill has been favorably reported to the Massachusetts legislature to prohibit the insuring of any child under 10 years of age.

Thursday, April 11.

It is stated at Lexington, Ky., that Secretary Carlisle will surely be a candidate before the Kentucky legislature for the United States senate to succeed Blackburn.

The British house of commons has elected William Gully, a Gladstonian Liberal, speaker. He was the government candidate, and got there by eleven majority in over 550 votes.

Chairman Hinrichsen, of the Illinois Democratic committee, has issued the call for a silver convention June 5 next at Springfield.

Andrew Larsen and Frank Hamilton, who were shot at San Jacinto, Cal., by Charles Marshal, are dead. Marshal was also wounded.

Phillip E. Gaffron, the Denver jeweler who was shot by a burglar, is dead. "Billy" Lewis, a pugilist, has been arrested on suspicion.

Judge John Sahler blew out his brains at Omaha. No motive is known.

Friday, April 12.

A delegation of Methodist ministers who recently made a tour of the Tenderloin district has called on Mayor Koch, of Milwaukee, and demanded that steps be taken to clean out the dives of that city.

The Tennessee senate has adopted a joint resolution requesting congress to pass a free silver, 16 to 1, coinage bill.

Prices of spirits have been reduced another cent a gallon, to 1.21, by the whisky trust receiver.

The annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac will be held in New London, Conn., June 19 and 20.

A man said to be Julius C. Brown, president of the Brown Nut Lock company, of Chicago, dropped dead at Kansas City.

Dick Edwards, alias Bill Leroy, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Hattie Haynes, of Denison, Tex., in 1892, and sentenced to life imprisonment, died in Huntsville prison of consumption.

Society women of Fort Smith, Ark., have been indicted for playing progressive euchre for prizes.

Seventy-five miners struck at the coal mines of the Breckinridge and Pineville syndicate at Pineville, Ky. The strike was caused by the system used by the operators in weighing and docking.

Saturday, April 13.

The Minnesota senate has adopted a memorial favoring deep waterway improvements to the sea. Congress is asked to continue the present work and to extend the system.

More than $2,500,000 will be expended during the present year on improvement of the Mississippi river.

The sugar bounty appropriated by congress stands a poor chance of reaching the hands of the sugar growers. Comptroller Bowler, of the treasury, has the decision. He cannot be overruled except by the courts, and he says the law is unconstitutional and void.

George Lavigne, the pugilist known as the "Saginaw Kid," was arrested at Chicago, for his fight with Eddie Moyer Feb. 11, 1893, and held at the Harrison street station to await the arrival of officers from Pana, where the battle took place.

The coroner's jury at Covington, Ky., rendered a verdict of self-defense in the shooting case where Senator Goebel killed Banker J. L. Sandford.

The observance of Good Friday was more general at New York this year than ever before. The exchanges were all closed as well as some of the business houses.

Monday, April 15.

Mrs. Benny Brook Bright, widow of the late ex-Senator Bright, of Indiana, died at Washington, aged 86 years.

A young man jumped from Brooklyn bridge and never arose after disappearing in the water. His name was James Duffy and he seems to have jumped from a spirit of fool-hardiness.

Carl Brown, of Coxey's army notoriety, has been held to the grand jury at Massillon, O., in $200 bail to answer to the charge of criminal libel.

The English investors who were swindled by J. T. M. Pierce in enterprises in South Dakota will complete some of Pierce's schemes and try to recover that way some of the millions they have lost.

A contract has been let for the construction of fifty miles of railway west from Sandstone, Wis. It is a connection of the Great Northern railway.

Spencer and Belcher, the murderers of Major Hamilton at Morgantown, Ky., have been taken to Louisville for safe keeping. The sheriff got information that a mob of 100 men had formed for the purpose of lynching the prisoners.

It Is Not What We Say But What Hood's Sarsaparilla Does

That Tells the Story. Its record is unequalled in the history of medicine Even when other preparations fail,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Once within doors it was too dark for Armitage to see the features of his lieutenant, and he had his own reasons for desiring to read them. Mr. Jerrold, on the other hand, seemed disposed to keep in the shadows as much as possible. He made no movement to open the shutters of the one window which admitted light from the front, and walked back to his bedroom door, glanced in there, as though to see that there were no occupants, then carefully closed it as he returned to face his captain. He took off his helmet and placed it on the center table, then thrusting his thumbs inside the handsome, gold broidered sword belt stood in a jaunty attitude, but with a very uneasy look in his eyes, to hear what his senior might have to say. Between the two men an invitation to sit would have been a superfluity. Neither had ever remained long enough in the other's quarters, since the exchange of the first calls when Jerrold came to the garrison, to render a chair at all necessary.

"Be good enough to strike a light, Mr. Jerrold," said Armitage presently, seeing that his unwilling host made no effort on his own account.

"I purposed going out at once, captain, and presume you cannot have any very extended remarks to make."

"You cannot see the writing I have to call your attention to without a light. I shall detain you no longer than is necessary. Had you an engagement?"

"Nothing of great consequence. I presume it will keep."

"It will have to. The matter I have come upon will admit no further delay. Light your lamp, if you please."

And Jerrold did so, slowly and with much reluctance. He wiped his forehead vigorously the instant the flame began to splutter, but as the clear, steady light of the argand gradually spread over the little room Armitage could see the sweat again beading his forehead, and the dark eyes were glancing nervously about, and the hands that were so firm and steady and fine the year before and held the Springfield in so light yet immovable an aim were twitching now. It was no wonder Jerrold's score had dropped some 30 per cent. His nerve had gone to pieces.

Armitage stood and watched him a moment; then he slowly spoke:

"I have no desire to allude to the subject of your conversation with Merrick. It was to put an end to such a thing—not to avail myself of any information it might give—that I hurried in. We will put that aside and go at once to the matter that brings me back. You are aware, of course, that your conduct has compromised a woman's name, and that the garrison is talking of nothing else."

Jerrold grasped the back of a chair with one slender brown hand and looked furtively about, as though for some hope of escape. Something like a startled gulp seemed to work his throat muscles an instant; then he stammered his reply:

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do know what I mean. Captain Chester has already told you."

"Captain Chester came in here and made an unauthorized inspection of my quarters because he heard a shot fired by a sentry. I was out. I don't deny that. But he proceeded to say all manner of insulting and unwarrantable things and tried to force me to hand in a resignation simply because I was out of quarters after taps. I could account for his doing something so idiotic, but I'm at a loss to comprehend your taking it up."

"The most serious allegation ever made against an officer of the regiment is made against you, the senior lieutenant of my company, and the evidence furnished me by the colonel and by Captain Chester is of such a character that unless you can refute it and clear her name you will have a settlement with me to start with, and your dismissal from the regiment"——

"Settlement with you? What concern have you in the matter?" interrupted Jerrold.

"Waste no words on that, Mr. Jerrold. Understand that where her name is concerned no man on earth is more interested than I. Now answer me. You were absent from your quarters for some hours after the doctor's party. Somebody believed to have been you was seen and fired at for refusing to halt at the order of Captain Chester at 3:30 in the morning. The ladder that usually hung at your fence was found at the colonel's while you were out, and that night a woman's name was compromised beyond repair unless you can repair it. Unless you prove beyond peradventure where you were both that night and last night, prove beyond question that you were not where you are believed to have been, her name is stained and yours blackened forever. There are other things you must fully explain, but these first."

Jerrold's face was growing gray and sickly. He stared at the stern eyes before him and could make no answer. His lips moved dryly, but made no sound.

"Come, I want to hear from you. Where were you if not with or seeking her? Name your place and witnesses."

"By God, Captain Armitage, the army is no longer a place for a gentleman if his every movement is to be spied upon like this!"

"The world is no place for a man of your stamp is perhaps a better way of putting it," said Armitage, whose fingers were twitching convulsively, and whose whole frame quivered with the effort he was making to restrain the rage and indignation that consumed him. He could not—he would not—believe in her guilt. He must have this man's proof, no matter how it might damn him for good and all, no matter whom else it might involve, so long as it cleared her precious name. He must be patient, he must be calm and resolute, but the man's cold blooded, selfish, criminal concealment nearly maddened him. With infinite effort he controlled himself and went on:

"But it is of her I'm thinking, not of you. It is the name you have compromised and can clear and should clear, even at the expense of your own—in fact, Mr. Jerrold, must clear. Now will you tell me where you were and how you can prove it?"

"I decline to say. I won't be cross questioned by men who have no authority. Captain Chester said he would refer it to the colonel, and when he asks I will answer—not until then."

"I ask in his name. I am authorized by him, for he is not well enough to meet the ordeal."

"You say so, and I don't mean to dispute your word, Captain Armitage, but I have a right to demand some proof. How am I to know he authorized you?"

"He himself gave me this letter, in your handwriting," said Armitage, and opening the long envelope he held forth the missive over which the poor old colonel had gone nearly wild. "He found it the morning they left—in her garden."

If Jerrold's face had been gray before, it was simply ghastly now. He recoiled from the sight after one fruitless effort to grasp the letter, then rallied with unlooked for spirit:

"By heaven, Armitage, suppose I did write that letter? What does it prove but what I say—that somebody has been prying and spying into my affairs? How came the colonel by it if not by fraud or treachery?"

"He picked it up in the garden, I tell you, among the rosebushes, where she—where Miss Renwick—had been but a few moments before, and where it might appear that she had dropped it."

"She! That letter! What had she to do with it? What right had she to read it?"

Armitage stepped impulsively forward. A glad, glorious light was bursting upon his soul. He could almost have seized Jerrold's hand and thanked him, but proofs, proofs were what he needed. It was not his mind that was to be convinced; it was "society" that must be satisfied of her utter innocence, that it might be able to say, "Well, I never for a moment believed a word of it." Link by link the chain of circumstantial evidence must be destroyed, and this was only one.

"You mean that that letter was not intended for Miss Renwick?" he asked, with eagerness he strove hard to repress.

"It was never meant for anybody," said Jerrold, the color coming back to his face and courage to his eyes. "That letter was never sent by me to any woman. It's my writing, of course—I can't deny that—but I never even meant it to go. If it left that desk, it must have been stolen. I've been hunting high and low for it. I knew that such a thing lying around loose would be the cause of mischief. God! is that what all this fuss is about?" And he looked warily, yet with infinite anxiety, into his captain's eyes.

"There is far more to it, as you well know, sir," was the stern answer. "For whom was this written if not for her? It won't do to half clear her name."

"Answer me this, Captain Armitage. Do you mean that that letter has compromised Miss Renwick; that it is she whose name has been involved, and that it was of her that Chester meant to speak?"

"Certainly it was—and I too."

There was an instant's silence; then Jerrold began to laugh nervously:

"Oh, well, I fancy it isn't the first time the revered and respected captain has got away off the track. All the same, I do not mean to overlook his language to me, and I may say right now, Captain Armitage, that yours, too, calls for an explanation."

"You shall have it in short order, Mr. Jerrold, and the sooner you understand the situation the better. So far as I am concerned, Miss Renwick needed no defender; but, thanks to your mysterious and unwarranted absence from quarters two very unlucky nights, and to other circumstances I have no need to name, and to your penchant for letter writing of a most suggestive character, it is Miss Renwick whose name has been brought into question here at this post and most prominently so. In plain words, Mr. Jerrold, you who brought this trouble upon her by your own misconduct must clear her, no matter at whose expense, or"——

"Or what?"

"I make no threats. I prefer that you should make the proper explanations from a proper sense of what is due."

"And suppose I say that no man is called upon to explain a situation which has been distorted and misrepresented by the evil imagination of his fellows?"

"Then I may have to wring the truth out of you—and will; but, for her sake, I want as little publicity as possible. After this display on your part I am not bound to show you any consideration whatever. Understand this, however—the array of evidence that you were feloniously inside Colonel Maynard's quarters that night and at his cottage window last night is of such a character that a court would convict you unless your alibi was conclusive. Leave the service you certainly shall unless this whole thing is cleared up."

"I never was anywhere near Colonel Maynard's either last night or the other night I was absent."

"You will have to prove it. Mere denials won't help you in the face of such evidence as we have that you were there the first time."

"What evidence?"

"The photograph that was stolen from Mrs. Maynard between 2 and 4 o'clock that morning was seen in your drawer by Major Sloat at reveille. You were fool enough to show it to him."

"Captain Armitage, I shall be quite able to show, when the proper time comes, that the photograph I showed Major Sloat was not stolen. It was given me."

"That is beyond belief, Mr. Jerrold. Once and for all understand this case. You have compromised her good name by the very mystery of your actions. You have it in your power to clear her by proving where you were, since you were not near her; by showing how you got that photograph; by explaining how you came to write so strange a letter. Now I say to you, will you do it instantly, or must we wring it from you?"

A sneering smile was the only answer for a moment, then:

"I shall take great pleasure in confounding my enemies should the matter be brought before a court. I'm sure if the colonel can stand that sort of thing I can, but as for defending myself or anybody else from utterly unjust and proofless suspicions it's quite another thing."

"Good God, Jerrold, do you realize what a position you are taking? Do you"——

"Oh, not at all, captain," was the airy reply, "not at all. It is not a position I have taken. It is one into which you misguided conspirators have forced me. I certainly am not required to compromise anybody else in order to relieve a suspicion which you, not I, have created. How do you know that there may not be some other woman whose name I propose to guard? You have been really very flattering in your theories so far."

Armitage could bear no more. The airy conceit and insolence of the man overcame all self restraint and resolution. With one bound he was at his throat, his strong white hands grasping him in a sudden, viselike grip, then hurling him with stunning, thundering force to the floor. Down, headlong, went the tall lieutenant, his sword clattering by his side, his slim brown hands clutching wildly at anything that might bear him up, and dragging with him in his catastrophe a rack of hunting pouches, ant'ers and one heavy double barreled shotgun. All came tumbling down about the struggling form, and Armitage, glaring down at him with clinching fists and rasping teeth, had only time to utter one deep drawn maledic-

With one bound he was at his throat.

tion when he noted that the struggles ceased, and Jerrold lay quite still. Then the blood began to ooze from a jagged cut near the temple, and it was evident that the hammer of the gun had struck him.

Another moment and the door opened, and with anxious face Chester strode into the room. "You haven't killed him, Armitage? Is it as bad as that?"

"Pick him up, and we'll get him on the bed. He's only stunned. I didn't even hit him. Those things tumbled afterward," said Armitage as between them they raised the dead weight of the slender Adonis in their arms and bore him to the bedroom. Here they bathed the wound with cold water and removed the uniform coat, and presently the lieutenant began to revive and look about him.

"Who struck me?" he faintly asked.

"Your shotgun fell on your head, but I threw you down, Jerrold. I'm sorry I touched you, but you're lucky it was no worse. This thing is going to raise a big bump here. Shall I send the doctor?"

"No; I'll come round presently. We'll see about this thing afterward."

"Is there any friend you want to see? Shall I send word to anybody?" asked Chester.

"No; don't let anybody come. Tell my striker to bring my breakfast, but I want nothing tonight but to be let alone."

"At least you will let me help you undress and get to bed?" said Chester.

"No; I wish you'd go—both of you. I want quiet—peace—and there's none of it with either of you."

And so they left him. Later Captain Chester had gone to the quarters and after much parleying from without had gained admission. Jerrold's head was bound in a bandage wet with arnica and water. He had been soothing himself with a pipe and a whisky toddy and was in a not unnaturally ugly mood.

"You may consider yourself excused from duty until your face is well again, by which time this matter will be decided. I admonish you to remain here and not leave the post until it is."

"You can prefer charges and see what you'll make of it," was the vehement reply. "Devil a bit will I help you out of the thing after this night's work."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Funerals.

That is a touching story told of the funeral of Sir Walter Scott: The road by which the procession took its way wound over a hill, whence can be seen one of the most beautiful of landscapes. It was his habit to pause there to gaze upon the scene, and when taking a friend out to drive he never failed to stop there and call the attention of his companion to the most beautiful points of the view. Few could refrain from tears when, carrying their master on his last journey, the horses stopped at the old familiar spot, as it were, for him to give a last look at the scene he had loved so well.

Extremes meet. I told this anecdote of Scott's funeral to a friend, who, in turn, told me a story. A little less than a century ago there lived in a certain New England village a graceless fellow who spent most of his time at the grog-shop, to the neglect of all honest callings. When the summons had at last come for him

To join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade,

as his funeral procession, on its way to the place of burial, passed his favorite haunt the bearers inadvertently turned a little aside, at the same time slackening their pace. The wag of the neighborhood spoke hastily: "Go on, go on!" said he. "Don't stop here, for mercy's sake! He'll be sure to go in!"—Journal of American Folklore.

The Reign of Peace.

Beasts, I am inclined to think, are still, more or less, in the state of paradise and peace. I have been lately honored by the acquaintance of a cat which lives on friendly and playful terms with a mouse, not a tame pet mouse. They frolic together, and then the mouse returns to its hole. Again, a friend of mine who had several dogs, two young dandies and an old Skye, lately went out to the edge of a wood near his house where he saw his dogs playing with a fox.

They sported together playfully till the old Skye got wind of the fox and then "went for him" with a yowl, whereupon the poor fox fled. The young dogs seemed to cherish no unfriendly feelings till the veteran set a bad example. Dogs and cats are not natural enemies. It is we who have corrupted them, and "a cat and dog life" is, even still, often of good example to married people.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

Large Lamp Shades on the Wane.

The mania for exaggerated lamp shades seems to be on the wane. The newest lamps show fine globes made to harmonize with the foundation, and dealers report a revived sale of tinted porcelain shades. The silk, however, is yet made into frills and furbelows that suggest nothing short of ball gowns refurnished to serve a new end, but the tulle that is made to copy a ballet dancer's skirts and the paper monstrosities are both ugly and dangerous. The only wonder in regard to them is that the insurance companies have not been aroused, and that a reform campaign has not been organized before this.—Boston Traveller.

Kings and Hawks.

Richard I when in the Holy Land amused himself with hawking on the plain of Sharon and is said to have presented some of these birds to the sultan. Later on, while passing through Dalmatia, he carried off a falcon which he saw in one of the villages, and he refused to give it up. He was attacked so furiously by the justly incensed villagers that it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to make his escape.

King John used to send both to Ireland and to Norway for his hawks. We are told by Froissart that when Edward III invaded France he had 30 falcons, and every day either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking. Henry VII imported goshawks from France, giving £4 for a single bird—a much greater sum in those days than at present. Henry VIII while hawking at Hitchin was leaping a dike when the pole broke, and the king was immersed head first into the mud and would have perished in all probability had not his falconer dragged him out.

Elizabeth and James I were much interested in the sport. The latter sovereign indeed expended considerable sums on its maintenance. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," says: "When I was a freshman at Oxford, I was wont to go to Christ Church to see Charles I at supper, where I once heard him say that as he was hawking in Scotland he rode into the quarry, and there found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk, and I remember his expression further, 'And I will swear upon the book 'tis true.'"—Chambers' Journal

A Centenarian Who Sings.

There are a number of lyric singers in England who retain the mellow charm of their voices at an advanced age. But a singer, and a good one at that, at the age of 102 years is something remarkable. Mr. William Peplow of Wellington, England, who was born in 1792, has lately assisted at a concert given by his great granddaughter, a very distinguished pianist. He rendered several songs with a strong and sympathetic bass voice in an excellent manner and was cheered by his audience. He also accompanied a singer on the piano and conducted several choruses with vim and brilliancy. Surely this is versatility enough for a centenarian.—Memestrel.

Unfortunately Put.

"Uncle," said the impecunious nephew, "you ought to go and see the new play. You would just die laughing."

The old man merely glared. In a few moments later there could be heard the sound of a scratching pen as he altered his will for the forty-fourth time.—Cincinnati Tribune.

SHE WAS A WOMAN.

And For This Reason There Was No Occasion For Surprise.

The sun beat down that blistering afternoon on the little adobe cabin just beyond the arroyo, and on the far side in the shade sat two sweltering cow punchers with a pack of cards between them. It was too hot for even this mild exercise, but it served to keep their minds off the weather, and they played lazily along. At last one of them threw his cards down.

"By gravy, Bill," he exclaimed, "I can't play any more."

"What's the matter?" inquired Bill. "Too hot for you?"

"No. 'Tain't that, though the Lord knows it's most hot enough for anything. It's that little girl down there at old Slocum's."

"What's she got to do with the game?" asked Bill in surprise.

"Nothing much, I guess, but a good deal with me."

"How?" and Bill picked up the pack and began shuffling the cards aimlessly.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Stuck on her?" inquired Bill, with a laugh, which struck his companion as rather harsh.

"Not exactly, I guess."

"She's the purtiest thing in this valley," said Bill admiringly.

"I know it," admitted the other. "I was down there last night, and she was sweeter than ever."

"Well," impatiently, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What would you advise?"

"That depends on what kind of advice you want."

"I was thinking about marrying her."

Bill gave a long whistle and stopped shuffling the cards.

"What, marry a half breed, and you having the kind of folks you have back in the east?" he said seriously.

"I don't see how I can get out of it honorably," he reluctantly confessed. "I've been going down there to see her for six months now, and she has been kind of expecting me to come. I didn't think much about it at first, but now blame me if I don't think about her pretty much all the time. The last four or five times I've been to see her she showed me straight that she thought a lot of me, and last night she told me everything, and said if I left her her heart would break and she would drown herself in the river. I can't stand that, you know, and besides I'd rather marry her myself than have anybody else marry her."

"She'll git old man Slocum's property when he goes over the divide," said Bill thoughtfully, "and that 's worth a pile."

"Yes, but I don't care for that. It's the girl and my own honorable action in the matter."

They talked until the sun had sunk behind the mountain, and by that time it was decided that Bill would go with his friend Joe and settle the business with the girl's father, old man Slocum. Early the next morning they set out, and before the sun had reached the hot place in the heavens they were at Slocum's.

"Where's Meg?" asked Joe, after they had passed the compliments of the morning.

"Oh, she's skipped," answered Slocum, with a laugh.

"Skipped?" gasped Joe.

"Yes. Skipped some time in the night with Pete Smiley, and she needn't 'a' done it, for Pete was agreeable to me," and he laughed again.

Joe felt something rise in his throat and drop back again like a piece of lead. Bill looked at him curiously.

"Gals will be gals," said Bill, turning to Slocum, "but what we come down here to see you about, Mr. Slocum, is cattle," and he carried it through nobly.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Fighter.

Two old negroes, one of whom wore a Grand Army of the Republic uniform, while the other was attired in the conventional black Prince Albert coat which is ever part and parcel of the colored "pahson," met on the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets. Both were waiting for a car. The wait turned out to be a long one, and the men, though evidently strangers, began chatting pleasantly on the condition of the weather and other stock subjects.

Finally the "pahson," with a comprehensive glance over the uniform which the other wore, asked:

"Was yo' in the wah, sah?"

"Yessah; 'deed I wuz. 'Deed I'ze in de wah."

"Den yo' had a taste of de late unpleasantness?"

"Yas; co'se I did. Fact is, pahson, I had mo' dan a taste. I done went and bit off mo' dan I end chaw up fine."

"Did yo' run when dey commence shooting?" asked the "pahson" suspiciously.

"Dat I did, sah—dat I did—an I'd a-run befo' ef I'd knowed it wuz comin."

"Den yo' isn't much on fightin?" queried the expounder of the gospel.

"No, sah; I'ze not. I'll leab dat for people what ain't got nuffin else to do. Cookin is my perfeshun." And just then the car came.—Kansas City Times.

Lost the Prize.

The late James Crossley, a noted bibliomaniac, bied him one memorable day to a bookstall in Shudehill market, and spying a little volume took it up and glanced carelessly through it. After awhile he asked its price from an old woman and was told it was two and sixpence. "I'll give you sixpence for it," said Crossley. "Nay," replied the poor old dame, "it cost me 2 shillings." Whereupon our book devourer threw it down in disgust and retired. A gentleman, overhearing the altercation, stepped forward and purchased it at the sum demanded. Crossley returned soon after, and noticing the book had gone anxiously inquired what had become of it. "Sold," answered the woman, "for what you refused to give." "Tell me who bought it and I'll give him 10 shillings for it!" said Crossley eagerly. The moral is self evident.—Exchange.

THE SILK WAS CHEAP.

But It Fell From Grace When Each Knew the Other Knew the Price.

It was bargain day in one of the large down town stores, and the counters were piled with evening silks of the most tempting prices.

Two women were industriously turning over the pieces, and one of them said to her companion, "Yes, I'm getting a gown to wear to my sister-in-law's wedding, and the only thing which puzzles me is which piece to take—they are all so delightfully cheap and they look so handsome."

"Yes, it is hard to decide," admitted the other woman, whose bored and weary air proclaimed her merely the escort. The active shopper looked fresh and alert.

"Yes. Now, if I only knew what Victoria was going to wear, it would be easy enough. I'm determined for once that my gown shall cast hers in the shade. When we were girls together, she was glad enough to copy my things, but now she's married Henry's elder brother, who has more money than Henry has, and she does put on such airs."

"Yes. This is a pretty piece," suggested her companion, who wanted her lunch.

"Isn't it? I wonder if it is quite as good as the one that woman has over there. I think I shall take this—I'm sure Victoria would never know but that it was awfully expensive, for I shall tell her that it was $3 a yard. There won't be a piece left to tell the tale after today, anyhow. Not that she'd ever look at a bargain counter—she's too proud for that. Let me see, how many yards"—

"You would like to see this piece in the light, madam?" said the voice of a clerk back of them. "Certainly. Step this way, please. Yes, the very thing for a wedding. We are selling—will you allow me to pass, ladies?"

The two women stepped aside, and the one who was counting up how many yards she needed cried:

"Why, Victoria, is that you? I—I've been looking for a gown to wear at Marie's wedding."

"So have I," replied the lady who had been following the clerk to the light, "but—but I don't see anything here that is nearly good enough."

"Neither do I," replied the other woman, and she put down the piece she had been holding lest some one else get it. "Come, Amy, we will go."

"Will you look at this piece in the light, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Not today," was the haughty reply. "I will come in again and look at something better."

And the two parties moved off in opposite directions, leaving the clerk behind the counter and the one standing in the aisle smiling at each other.—Chicago Tribune.

"Colorow's a Squaw."

Edward, one of "the fighting McCooks," while governor of Colorado territory, had a good deal of trouble with the Indians, and especially with their chief, Colorow, a great scoundrel and a coward at heart. The chief would have shot the governor one day had it not been for the family nerve of the McCooks. The National Tribune of Washington tells the story:

With a party of his braves Colorow came to Denver one day, and after drinking heavily of whisky told his followers that he was going up to kill McCook. The governor had his office in a two story building and sat with his back to the door, with a looking glass on the desk in front of him, so that he could see any one coming in without turning.

McCook was expecting some trouble with Colorow and was seated at his desk when the Indian came in. Colorow had a pistol in his hand, and approaching McCook he stood by his side and grunted:

"McCook liar!"

The governor never looked up, but kept on writing.

"McCook heap liar," repeated Colorow, but the governor never noticed it.

"McCook heap big liar," continued Colorow, and still the pen scratched away. Colorow mistook McCook's silence for fear and let his pistol hand drop until his arm hung down straight. In an instant McCook grasped the Indian's wrist, and in another the pistol fell to the floor.

Turning Colorow around, the governor deliberately thrust him down stairs and out of the door into the circle of Indians who were waiting for the expected trouble.

"Colorow's a squaw," said McCook to the assembled Indians, and giving the chief a parting push he returned to his office.

Royal Intellects.

"How do royal personages compare with ordinary mankind as regards brain power and intellect?" is the purport of an inquiry from a reader of the New York Tribune, one which has probably been called forth by some reference to Prince Bismarck's well known phrase about "Austria's imbecile archdukes," in connection with the recent death of the old uncle of Emperor Francis Joseph.

To this, reply is made that, as a general rule, the intelligence of the "anointed of the Lord" is not above the average of that of ordinary mortals. Paradoxical though it may appear, brains are not needed in any superabundant quantity to direct the destinies of great and powerful nations, and ancient as well as modern history teaches that the most successful rulers have been persons of a mental caliber below rather than above the average, whereas those monarchs who were exceptionally gifted have invariably shown themselves unfitted to administer the destinies of the people subject to their control.

This may be explained by the fact that dullness usually goes hand in hand with caution, which is a very desirable quality in a ruler, while genius is often both impulsive and impracticable.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Miss Marie Burroughs.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Prince Pro Tem."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Irish Artist."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Linsey-Woolsey."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"The Passing Show."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"The Greater Shenandoah."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Alvin Joslyn."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

BRITISH NAVAL CONFIDENCE GAME.

Mr. James J. O'Kelly, the famous war correspondent and ex-member of the British parliament, sustains Mr. Murrough O'Brien's view of the uselessness of the British navy to Ireland, and the injustice of charging the latter with a large percentage of the expenses incurred for sustaining it. We like the stand these gentlemen are taking, because they are exposing a sham and a swindle. Poor Ireland has no commerce to be protected by a navy—she hasn't a single ship flying a national flag afloat; and very few ships carrying the other flag, which is to her a menace and a blight. But it is well to expose this intolerable condition of things in the face of the world, and both Mr. O'Brien and Mr. O'Kelly are doing admirably practical work in that direction.

What is the matter with our American daily newspapers that they do not publish the facts so splendidly presented by these two able Irishmen? Has the American press no bowels of compassion outside the limits of America? It should remember the mission of Franklin and the response of France, Poland and Ireland, who sent their best and bravest to fight for the independence of the persecuted colonies. Narrowness is not Americanism. About the only American daily newspaper of importance that publishes Irish news, instructive to the American mind, is the New York *Sun*, edited by the broad minded and large hearted American, Charles A. Dana, whose name should be forever honored by the Irish race. We are surprised that more of the American dailies do not follow his illustrious example. These omissions of the American press, show plainly how necessary it is to have Irish organs of public opinion, and sources of information, in this country. Mr. O'Kelly, in a correspondence from London to the *Independent* says:

"The naval estimates this year furnish food for reflection to the Irish people. Since the estimates for 1893-4 were presented there has been an increase of naval expenditure amounting this year to nearly £5,800,000, and even this enormous sum does not include the money which it is proposed to spend on permanent fortifications and the creation of new harbors for the military fleet, which money will be counted by millions. The total expenditure for this year, devoted to the maintenance of warships and their crews amounts to the gigantic sum of £18,700,000 in round figures, without including the further millions that are to be spent on the creation of great naval harbors at Dover and Gibraltar, and a number of permanent works at various points throughout the world. What the amount of the demand for these works may be is the secret of the ministry, but there is reason to believe that the government means to ask for authority to raise a loss of five to ten millions sterling to meet the proposed expenditure on permanent works. Ireland will, of course, be called on to pay her share of this enormous expenditure, from which she derives no benefit.

"The fleet is wholly centered in Great Britain, and every penny of the expenditure will be spent in Great Britain, if we except a few thousand pounds for fresh vegetables or meat during the period of the annual naval maneuvres, and perhaps a gunboat or two given grudgingly to Belfast. With those possible exceptions, the whole of the £18,700,000 will be spent in Great Britain, and will help the workingmen to employment and the traders to increased business, but Ireland will be made poorer by almost the whole amount of the contribution which is wrung from her to maintain a navy to defend the interests of the British shipowners. I have already many times pointed out that the interests of the Irish farmer and the British shipowner are antagonistic, and I cannot see why the Irish farmer should submit to be taxed for the benefit of his trade rival or why property in ships should be held so sacred as to entitle it to be treated more advantageously than other kinds of property. It may be safely stated that the Irish people have no interest in the expenditure of £18,700,000 on the navy, and therefore they ought not to be compelled to contribute to it. If this view cannot be accepted then such arrangements should be made as would secure the spending in Ireland of the amount of the Irish contribution to the British navy.

"Unless this be done every penny exacted towards the support of the navy must impoverish the Irish people. British law has already cursed us with absentee landlords who yearly skim the country of its gold as a dairyman skims his milk of cream. The navy performs a similar function in making the Irish people poor, because nearly every pound that is taken from the Irish people to sustain the navy is spent in Great Britain. Only a few thousand pounds of this enormous tribute ever finds its way back to Ireland. It goes to enrich the people of Great Britain at the expense of the people of Ireland. This system cannot be allowed to continue. By itself alone it would prevent Ireland from ever becoming prosperous. The drawing off of money from a nation is like the drawing off of blood from a man. There is a point where the operation becomes fatal to the subject operated upon. It is this ceaseless blood-letting which has rendered Ireland so poor and which, if it is not arrested, will result in the death of the nation. Unfortunately Irish politicians have never paid sufficient attention to the financial aspects of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, and the people, unable to understand such complex questions only know that they suffer, without being able to trace the why and the wherefore."

REVIVAL OF IRISH MUSIC.

It is pleasingly evident that the torpor which so long pervaded the mind of literary Ireland is rapidly passing, and that Irishmen and Irishwomen, without regard to politics in any shape, are combining to resume their long abdicated place in the noble realm of literature, art and song. In this grand work the Protestants of Ireland are taking quite as much interest as their Catholic brethren, which is a healthy, and cheering, sign of the times.

At a recent meeting for the revival of Irish music, held in Dublin, very many distinguished men and women were present, and the following sent communications expressing sympathy with the movement: Lady Ferguson wrote that she "cordially sympathizes in their desire to awaken interest in Irish music, and wishes for their efforts the marked success which attended the gathering of harp performers of Irish melodies at Belfast a century ago, and would encourage them by recalling the large gathering in the Rotunda at the concert given by Herr Sjodin, the Swedish harper some twenty years ago." Mrs. Scott Fennell wrote, "as one in heartfelt sympathy with the Feis movement." Mrs. Newton writes of the object aimed at as one "which must, I think, commend itself to every Irish patriot, the more especially as we have good reason to be proud of our national airs, which take rank with the best in any country and may be even considered to hold the first place on account of their superior melody." Mr. R. M. Levey wrote, "I have played more national music than, I believe, any other individual. I had twelve national Irish overtures (full scores) burned in the conflagration of the old Royal, and I dare say on looking over my MS I shall find some arrangements which may be useful in your performances. I am about to publish a third book of dance music dedicated, as the first two, to the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. With the names of Dr. Joyce and Dr. Stanford (an old violin pupil of mine) on your committee you must succeed." Dr. Pye, of Galway, wrote, "It will give me great pleasure to co-operate with the promoters of the National Musical Festival." Miss Graves wrote, "I think many in Limerick are already interested about the movement; at least any I have spoken to are friendly to the scheme." Mr. P. J. Gaffney, Limerick, wrote, "In this city the secretaries would find many willing and influential citizens to lend a helping hand." Mr. Thomas Crosbie, Cork, wrote, "If my name is likely to be one of the least service in the promotion of your interesting project it is entirely at your command." Herr Gmur wrote, "You may command me in any way you think I may be of use to the committee. I am about to revive the annual national concert held in Cork on St. Patrick's Day." Dr. Marks writes, "I sympathize deeply with the objects therein set forth, and I shall be happy to join the committee formed for that purpose." Dr. Gater writes, "I think the objects are admirable and wish you every success in carrying them out." Mr. George G. Ward, Belfast, wrote, "I shall mention the matter to some of my friends, who might likely take an interest in it."

The *Irish Independent* of the 3d inst. has the following to say, editorially, on the subject: "The movement recently started in Dublin for the revival of Irish music has already assumed practical shape, and from the nature of the steps already taken, and the reputation of the persons most prominently identified with it, there is every reason to expect that the movement will be a distinct success, and that it will have the effect of arousing the attention of the Irish people to the value of one of the most precious of their national inheritances. There is no doubt that a lamentable apathy has, up to the present, prevailed among our people regarding the importance of their national melodies. They have not properly estimated their value or importance as a very considerable item in the bulk of literature, song and story, which constitutes one of the main sources of the pride and glory of the Irish nation.

"Our Irish melodies have awakened the enthusiastic admiration of every one of the great classical composers who were acquainted with them; and at the present day the most distinguished foreign musicians are by no means backward in expressing their admiration of our sweet and sympathetic melodies. Since the idea of a national music festival was mooted a few weeks ago an extraordinary amount of sympathetic opinion and support has been freely given and put forward by distinguished musicians in England and elsewhere. The leading musical critics in England, among them Mr. Joseph Bennett, of the *Daily Telegraph*, have hailed the project with enthusiasm; and better still, our Irish musicians are unanimous in according to it their support.

"The fact that Lord Mayo, an Irish peer, who has manifested the greatest interest in the development of Irish interests apart from politics, has taken up the idea of a national music festival, and is willing to give its furtherance practical support, is in itself an encouraging proof of the widespread interest which the movement has evoked among all creeds and classes. It is, we believe, proposed to hold the first festival in Dublin this year, and it was suggested at yesterday's meeting of the committee that the festival should not be confined to Dublin, but that Cork and Belfast should also be the centres from year to year.

"This would be an excellent arrangement for many reasons, chief among them being that the principal cities in Ireland would be enabled to show their interest in the revival and development of Irish music, and that interest in the festivals would incur no danger of being lessened by a too constant recurrence in one particular place. Of the value of folk music in general, or its influence on the character of a people, it is unnecessary to speak. Even if the music of Ireland possessed no other quality or value beyond that of its rare sympathy and beauty, it would be well worthy the care and attention of patriotic Irishmen, and would deserve on this account alone to be guarded against the danger of falling into oblivion. There is little fear that such a fate will befall even the most unknown of our Irish melodies so long as influential and intellectual Irish men and women show so keen and so practical an interest in its perpetuation and development. We most sincerely accord to this movement our sympathy and support, and we shall do everything possible to help its promoters in the achievement of their most deserving and praiseworthy object.

DEATH OF JAMES W. SCOTT.

It was with deep regret that the citizens of Chicago, and the country in general, learned of the sudden death, at the Holland House in New York on Sunday last, of Mr. James W. Scott, founder and publisher of the *Times-Herald* and *Evening Post* of this city. Mr. Scott, who was one of the best known newspaper workers in the West, was born in Walworth county, Wisconsin, in June, 1849. Soon after his birth his father went to Galena, Ill., to engage in the newspaper business, and it was in that famous little town where the son grew up. His chief ambition was to occupy a place in metropolitan journalism, and in 1875, after engaging in the newspaper business several times, came to Chicago and soon acquired with F. W. Rice the ownership of the *Daily National Hotel Reporter*. In 1881 he appeared in the field of active daily newspaper work, when he founded the *Herald*. Subsequently Mr. John R. Walsh became interested in the property. The two men were associated for thirteen years, and it was during their partnership that the *Evening Post* was established. About two months ago Mr. Scott acquired control of the stock of the *Herald* and *Evening Post*, after which he bought the *Times* and united it with the *Herald*.

The funeral took place on Thursday, and was largely attended by the leading citizens of Chicago. The services were held at St. James' (Episcopal) church, and the interment was at Graceland. The honorary pallbearers were William Cullen Bryant, of Brooklyn, secretary of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association; Ferdinand W. Peck, vice-president of the World's Columbian Exposition; Norman Williams, president of the Chicago club; John H. Hamline, president of the Union League club; Melville E. Stone, vice-president of the Fellowship club; A. T. Packard, president of the Press club; James Griffon, president of the Chicago Typographical Union; H. W. Hawley, managing editor of the *Times-Herald*; H. H. Kohlsaat, Harry G. Selfridge, Robert A. Waller, and Ernest A. Hamill. The active pallbearers were F. R. Van Hamm, Robert Ansley, A. F. Portman, C. L. Loveland, C. A. Barnard, C. H. Rhodes, E. W. Jenks, and F. H. Ehlen.

Mr. Scott was greatly beloved by all who were associated with him in the management of his papers, and highly esteemed by the business community. In his death Chicago loses one of its most enterprising citizens and the newspaper fraternity one of its most prominent workers.

AN IRISH NIGHT.

On Monday evening, April 29, Messrs. John F. Finerty and M. J. Murphy will deliver their lecture on "The Story and Songs of Ireland," at Central Music Hall. The object of this lecture is to familiarize not only the Irish-American people, but the American people of all classes, with the simple truth of the story of Ireland, presented in an attractive manner, and relieved from the inevitable tedium of the average historical lecture, by the introduction of sweet and stirring lyrics in appropriate places. By reference to the programme it will be seen that the ballads selected are sufficiently varied in sentiment and structure to recommend themselves to all who have any interest whatever in the noble music of Ireland.

The lecture will be divided into five periods of Irish history, which will be dealt with in a graphic and succinct manner. It will, in fact, be a rapid grouping of the chief incidents in Irish history, interspersed with songs suitable to, and illustrative of, the periods dealt with. This lecture has received magnificent recognition from the American daily and weekly press in the chief cities of the Eastern and Central States; and nowhere, not even in the most anti-Irish localities, where race and religious feeling ran high, did it meet with adverse criticism.

Following is the programme of the different periods of the lecture, as it will be presented by Mr. Finerty:

1—From the beginning to Richard II's defeat by Art MacMurrough.
Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"Oh, Where's the Slave so Lowly".....Moore
2—From A.D 1400 to the death of Hugh O'Neill, the great Earl of Tyrone, in 1616.
Irish War Song by Mr. Murphy,
"O'Donnell Aboo" (In Irish).....McCann
3—The period of Cromwell and Owen Roe O'Neill, 1641-1651.
Irish National Caoine by Mr. Murphy,
"Lament for Owen Roe".....Davis
4—Period of James II, Sarsfield and St. Ruth, Athlone, Aughrim, Limerick and Fontenoy.
Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"Battle Eve of the Irish Brigade".....Davis
5—(Last Period) Ireland in America, the Revolutionary Heroes, Presbyterian and Catholic; the Volunteers, '98; Emmet, O'Connell and Young Ireland; the Fenians and Parnell.
Irish National Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"Native Swords".....Thomas Davis

A GREAT IRISH GENERAL.

Major-Gen. John Sullivan, of Revolutionary fame, was the son of an Irish soldier who had fought under Sarsfield at the two sieges of Limerick in 1690 and 1691. He was, perhaps, next to Benedict Arnold before he turned traitor, the most enterprising general officer of the American patriot army, and, in fact, he struck the very first blow for American liberty, when, without awaiting the declaration of war, he captured Fort William and Mary from the British, in the winter of 1774, and, from its supplies, furnished the patriots with most of the arms and ammunition that enabled them to fight creditably at Concord and Bunker Hill, in 1775. He possessed, to the fullest extent, the confidence of General Washington, who employed him on many important and dangerous campaigns, not the least of which was that against the British and Indians in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, immediately after the infamous massacre of its inhabitants by bands of savages incited to the awful crime by the base and bloody policy of England.

Mr. J. Phœnix, of Montreal, had an admirable paper, in the *True Witness* of that city recently, on "The Avenger of Wyoming" (General Sullivan) from which we excerpt the following: "The next service in which General Sullivan was engaged was quite out of the beaten track of civilized warfare. Among the many devices resorted to by the British for suppressing the revolution, the most infamous was the employment of Red Indians for the harassment of the border populations. The Six Nations, as they were called—the most formidable Indian power that ever existed since the white man first trod the American soil—had accepted a British alliance, and made war in their own ferocious fashion not only on armed combatants, but on the dwellers in peaceful settlements. The romantic valley of Wyoming, lying in lone beauty far away on the Susquehanna's banks, occupied by a simple and industrious population, whose toil kept their fertile slopes in constant bloom, was among other places surprised by a band of Indian savages led by a British colonel. A horrible massacre followed. The valley was wholly cleared of its inhabitants, several hundreds in number; their houses were given to the flames and their growing crops to devastation. The waters of the Susquehanna were poisoned with dead bodies for weeks afterwards; the air of the woods around was tainted from a like cause. Indignation seized the mind of congress when the news of those deeds of horror came to their ears. They resolved at once—pressed as they were for men, provisions and materials of war on every side—to organize an expedition for the chastisement of those Bashi Bazouks.

"Washington was asked to recommend an officer who could be trusted to carry this expedition through with success; and the Father of his Country named Major-General John Sullivan. The latter, sharing the general indignation, accepted the heavy responsibility, although his health was then very far from good. He made his preparations with all his accustomed care and foresight, saw everything in as perfect order as the limited resources of the government could admit of, and then swept down on the guilty Six Nations. These latter, reinforced by 700 British regulars sent to their aid from Canada, and guided by a cloud of British officers, selected a strong position on which to confront the Avenger of Wyoming. General Sullivan, turning their flank, made the position useless. The attack was ordered. So hotly was it begun that before half the American troops could get into action the foe was beaten beyond retrieval, and the power of the once formidable Six Nations gone forever. For nearly a month Sullivan followed the Indians into their own country, even to their very capital, laying waste their towns and fields—meeting out to them, with stern retribution, in all save massacre, the pitiless measures they had themselves employed. Then he received their submission, so far as he had power to receive it, and promised to use his influence with congress to have the conditions ratified—a promise which he did not fail to redeem. When his work was thoroughly performed he turned his steps eastward, and led his people safely into the regions of civilization.

"How truly thoroughly his work was done is plain from the fact that the once dreaded Six Nations were never heard of more. The expedition was one requiring the utmost care, circumspection, foresight and judgment. The wily Indian was the foe; the district to be traversed mainly trackless woods, unknown and intersected with numerous watercourses; the distance to be measured between six and seven hundred miles, and the resources of every kind needed for the expedition, including even provisions, should of necessity be brought along from the first, since none of them could be obtained in the enemy's country. On his return from his Indian campaign, Gen. Sullivan sent in his resignation. Five years of active service of the most harassing nature had told on even his excellent constitution, and the fatigues of the last expedition had been unexceptionally severe. The physicians advised that rest was absolutely necessary for him. Congress, of course, accepted his resignation with regret. Washington, in a letter full of the most complimentary expressions, says: 'I flatter myself it is unnecessary for me to repeat to you how high a place you hold in my esteem. The confidence you have experienced and the manner in which you have been employed on several important occasions, testify the value I set upon your military qualifications, and the regret I must feel that circumstances have deprived the army of your services.' Gen. Greene, Washington's able second-in-command, wrote in a similar strain; and Sullivan bore with him into his retirement the good will, esteem and affection of nearly every officer of rank and character in the army."

THE liberal-minded citizens of Rockford, Ill., administered a stinging rebuke to A.P.A'ism at the election in that city last Tuesday, by electing Edward W. Brown mayor. Amasa Hutchins, his opponent, was the candidate of the A.P.A., and members of that organization from all over the northern part of the State assisted in his campaign. Mayor-elect Brown, who is a prominent member of one of the local Methodist churches, was serenaded by about 4,000 people Tuesday night, and he made a speech in which he denounced the A.P.A. There is general rejoicing in Rockford at the downfall of the secret political organization which has dominated city politics for the last two years.

IT has been decided that the next four volumes of the New Irish Library shall be as follows: "The Life of Sarsfield," by Dr. Todhunter; "Swift in Ireland," by Richard Ashe King; "Owen Roe O'Neill," by J. F. Taylor; and "Thomas Davis," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. It is expected that the first of these will soon be issued, and will probably be followed by the book on Thomas Davis.

A DISPATCH to the New York *World* from Tokio, Japan, gives the essential provisions of the treaty of peace between Japan and China, which was signed by both countries at Shimonoseki last Wednesday. China agrees to no longer impose upon foreigners the odious tax known as likin levied upon goods and sales. A uniform standard tael is to be adopted by China for her currency. Much confusion is caused in money calculations because there are Haikwan or customs tael usually meant when given computations are made, worth about 72 cents; the Tien-Tsin tael, worth about 73 cents, and the Shanghai tael, worth about 69 cents. All foreigners are to be permitted to introduce into China factories and machinery and to lease warehouses in the interior. The autonomy of Corea is recognized. No pressure from Western powers was brought to bear upon Japan during the peace negotiations. Japan takes Formosa, the Pescadores Islands and Manchuria from Yingkow on the Liao Tung peninsula. No other part of China is to be occupied by Japan, even as a temporary guarantee that China shall abide by the provisions of the peace treaty except possibly Wei Hai Wei. The indemnity which China is to pay to Japan is fixed at 200,000,000 taels in silver (equivalent to about $150,000,000 in American gold). The important commercial concessions made by China to Japan are to be shared by all nations.

THE Wolfe Tone Club of Cincinnati has adopted the following resolutions of sympathy with the Cuban people, who are struggling to free themselves from the Spanish yoke: "Whereas, It is a traditional and historical fact that the Irish people and nation have ever sympathized with every people struggling to be free; and whereas, the Cuban people are similarly situated to the Irish people, twin isles in beauty, sisters in affliction, both feeling the unbearable and loathing load of oppression dwarfing their energies, sapping their existence, depopulating their land in escape from tyranny, overburdened with taxation to support rotten royalty inherited from a brutal age; therefore be it resolved by the Wolfe Tone Club, whose principles are universal liberty, That we heartily sympathize with the Cuban patriots in their efforts to be free, and beseech the gods of battle and of justice to crown their arms with success and drive forever from their beautiful isle the foot of the oppressor and establish therein a republic, where all will enjoy the blessings of liberty guaranteed them by the laws of a free people."

THE Innisfail athletic club will give its tenth annual reception and ball this (Saturday) evening, at Madison Hall. One of the most pleasant features of the Gaelic Athletic Association, during its winter recess, is the popularity of its dances, each club holding an annual ball or reception, which is looked forward to with pride by the members and their numerous friends. The Innisfails, who are now the champions, promise a rare treat for those who attend their ball this evening.

IT has been decided by the Portuguese government to commence the construction of a navy, and the sum of £120,000 yearly will be provided for twenty years. It has also been decided to invite bids from shipbuilders in the United States.

THE annual Easter ball of the Sheridan club was given at the club-house, Michigan boulevard and Forty-first street, last Monday evening, and was a success in every way. About one thousand guests were in attendance. The interior of the clubhouse was tastefully decorated with palms, plants and Easter lilies. The grand march was led by Mr. and Mrs. M. Cudahy.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

That merry comedian Fred Lennox, and the accomplished character comedy actress Josie Sadler, with their first rate Boston company, are keeping large audiences convulsed with laughter and delighted with pretty music at the Schiller theatre in "Prince Pro Tem," the new comic opera success. Next week is the last of this special engagement, and the advance sale of seats is already large. "Prince Pro Tem" is as laughable a story as has ever been put upon the stage, and that in view of the great successes recently made in comic opera and musical extravaganza, is saying a great deal, but it is the work of a master—R. A. Barnet, who wrote "1492" and "Tabasco," and who knows just what the public wants. The music also is good. "Prince Pro Tem" is full of comical situations, which are splendidly worked out to the continuous mirth and delight of the public, by Fred Lennox, in his original and extremely funny character, Tommy Tompkins, the New Jersey showman, and by Josie Sadler, in her laughable creation, Wild Rosy of Yucatan, who has known from her childhood all about freaks, curiosities and animals in museums. Together, Fred Lennox and Josie Sadler make a strong team.

Marie Wainwright will again be seen in Chicago this season, for a brief engagement of one week, at the Schiller, commencing April 28.

Manager Thomas W. Prior has completed arrangements for a great production of the new musical burlesque, "Little Robinson Crusoe," which is to be the summer attraction at the Schiller, and in which Eddie Foy will be the principal star.

The Last People on Earth

To reasonably expect relief are they who are continually dosing themselves with calomel, blue pill, podyphyllin and other drastic cathartics. Constipation cannot be permanently overcome by such violent disturbers of the bowels, stomach and liver. They inflict more harm than they temporarily relieve. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a safe and effectual substitute for such hurtful drugs. The effect of this medicine is easy and natural, and is not accompanied—as in the case of strong purgatives—with griping and abrupt operation. Malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, heartburn, kidney trouble, rheumatism and nervousness are entirely and promptly removed by this excellent remedy, commended by physicians everywhere.

"'67."

Suggested by the Death of P. J. Murphy.

The Spirit of the patriot brave
Has fled the earth forever,
The dread inevitable grave
Has stilled the bosom's fever.
They pass away like autumn leaves,
Swept by the winds of heaven,
The men who rose
'Gainst serried foes,
In gloomy '67.

Ah me! their brazen cannon threw
No streams of iron lava;
They won no storied Waterloo,
They lost no Balaklava,
No martial music thrilled their hearts,
Nor gleamed the sun in heaven,
When issued forth,
From South and North,
The men of '67.

But one the burning kisses felt,
pressed by a sister's lips,
By one a yearning mother knelt,
Her eyes in sad eclipse,
For love would prompt, and tears would flow,
In mute appeal to heaven,
Her son to save,
A youth's cold grave,
In stormy '67.

And one behold his second self,
Cling laughing to his knees,
A flaxen headed little elf,
Light hearted as the breeze,
And here a wife sat still as if,
Her spirit slept in heaven;
A father there,
Knelt low in prayer,
For those of '67.

"The Pike," was fondly held by one,
Its long blade polished bright,
While he the brother—husband—son,
Bade each other a long good night,
Good night!—farewell!—he only knew
They'd meet one day in heaven,
And 'neath the moon,
He stood full soon,
With those of '67.

Oh say not those who gathered there,
Were traitors to the Queen:—
Their land was desolate and bare,
Tho' fruitful once and green,
Dismantled homes and acres wild,
Frowned under lowering heaven;—
They could not brook,
The Saxon's look,
The men of '67.

For they had proud Milesian sires,
Who hurled the spear of war,
And crushed the impotent desires,
Of foeman from afar;
And some drew from the quivering harp,
The plaintiff airs of heaven,
Fond memory told,
Of deeds of old;
To shackled '67.

Thermopylae's three hundred men,
Were fired by wild ambition,
But those who fought for Ireland then,
Had much a darker mission,
Nor king, nor queen, nor titled one,
Would thank them under heaven,
Let recreants sneer,
We'll drop a tear,
For those of '67.

Yet ah! the light that led them on,
Was but a fancied beaming;
Athwart the slumbering soul it shone,
And faded with its dreaming.
And they awoke that hour and knew,
Their hopes were mocked of heaven,
The exiles ship,
And convict whip,
Awaited '67.

And now they tread an alien clime,
And weep their country therein,
For they were guilty of the crime,
Of reverent love for Erin;
And so immured in dungeons dark,
Denied the light of heaven,
They dream of still,
The heathered hill,
They trod in '67.

Alas my land! the flight of years,
Has changed in nought your story:
Your face is bathed still in tears,
The price of ancient glory,
Your '98s were fires that lit
The stormy path to heaven;
And fatal blight,
And darker night,
Swept after '67.

Yet there is hope for you, my land,
While men the gibbet scorn,
To disenthral your shackled hand,
And make you free as morn,
And you shall stand transfigured yet,
With radiant light from heaven;
And sing elate,
Of '98,
And honor '67!

—*Irish Republic.*

Horses in the British Cavalry.

We have often called attention to the curious and almost absurd fact that there is only one horse for every two men in the British cavalry. A military writer points out the dangerous weakness in horses of the British cavalry as compared with the cavalries of Continental powers, British cavalry regiments only averaging about 360 horses, as against the 672 of the French cavalry, 662 of the German, 935 of the Austrian and 856 of the Russian. If we compare the strength of the squadrons, the squadron being the tactical unit, we shall find that our cavalry squadron averages sometimes about 70 horses, as compared with 150 horses, the average strength of the Continental squadron. If we consider the larger proportion of horses of immature years in our cavalry than in the cavalry regiments of Continental armies, we come even worse out of the comparison. In fact, in the armies of the Continent it has long been recognized that cavalry can't be improvised, consequently they take every precaution to insure their cavalry being maintained practically on a war footing, and in readiness for service at all times. England follows the opposite course, and has no cavalry regiments which could go on service without filling up the ranks with men and horses from other regiments.—*Irish News.*

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

IOMRADH.

Shneadhghusa agus Mic Riaghla—Sliocht Leabhair Bhuidhe Leacain.

LEIS AN ATHAIR EOGHAIN O GRAMHNA.

(Roimh-Rádh—Do'n leigLheolr.)

[Ag so dhuit, i bh-fo laibh soilleire, an sceul arsaidh ar sheoltóireacht Shneadhghusa agus Mhic Riaghla. Cuirtear i g-cló mar so é, sáil go m-beidh meas ag an dream (go mór-mhór an aos óg) thuigeas an Nuadh Ghaedhilge, ar na scribhinibh luachmhara atá i d-talseidh agus i bhfoloch i d-teangaidh na h-Eireann. Ins an *Revue Celtique*, Leabhar IX, do cuireadh an sceul i g-cló o'n lámh-scribhinn bhunudhasaigh le Whitley Stokes, agus is ar a lorg sin do righneasa an t-aistriughadh so. Do leanas mar is fearr d'fheudas do na briathraibh bunudhasacha.—E.O'G.]

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Is annsin adubhairt se féin:—"ni cóir dham an gniomh so dheanamh gan cómhairle le m' sanamharaid, le Colum-Cille."

Cuirtear teachtairidhe uadh go Colum-Cille: tig Sneadhghus agus Mac Riaghla ó Cholum-Cille, agus cómhairle leo dhó, .i. seasca lánamhna (trí fithchid péire) dhiobh do chur ar an bhfairrge, agus go m-béarfadh Dia A bhreitheamhnas orra.

Do bheirtear soithighe beaga dhóibh, agus teidhid fir d'á g-coimeud, chum nach d'tigidis ar g-cúl.

Iompuighid Sneadhghus agus MacRiaghla ar g-cúl ag dul go h-I, go Colum-Cille.

Mar do bhiodar ins an g-curach, do chómhairligheadar eadorra dul d'á n-deoin féin ins an mór-mhuir amuigh ar turas, mar do chuadar an seasca lánamhna, acht nach d'á n-deoin féin do chuadar-san.

Iompuighid annsin ar thaoibh a láimhe deise, agus séidlidh gaoth le seal siarthuaidh ins an mór-mhuir amuigh iad.

Fá cheann trí lá, do ghabh tart mór mianach iad, ar chaoi nachar fheudadar é d'fhulaing.

Is annsin ba truagh le Criost iad, agus do bheir go sruth so-bhlasta mar leambhnacht iad, agus sasuighthear de iad. Do bheirid altughadh agus buidheachus do Dhia, agus adubhradar: "Fágamuis ár n-iomramh fá Dhia, agus tabhramuis ár maididhe rámha isteach in ár g-curach." Agus do leigeadar d'á n-iomramh, agus thugadar a maididhe rámha isteach in a g-curach: agus ar theacht i d-tir i n-inis dhóibh, is ann adubhairt an file:

Sneadhghus agus MacRiaghla
Do mhaintir Coluim-Cille, etc.

Cuirtear go h-inis eile annsin iad, agus do bhi cloidh airgid thar a lar, agus cora éisc innti, agus ba stiall mór d'airgead an cora sin, agus do bhi bradáin mhóra ag léimnigh in aghaidh an choradh sin. Ba mhó ioná colpthach fir-eann gach bradán diobh, agus sásuighthear iadsan diobh.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

The Fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the family medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and medicinal merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's co-worker.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central. "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Britannic arrived at New York April 12 at 7 p.m.

The Adriatic arrived at Queenstown April 12 at 7 a.m.

The Majestic arrived at New York April 17 at 9:30 a.m.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown April 16 at 9 a.m.

Following is a list of the cabin passengers booked per White Star Line steamship Britannic, sailing from New York April 17: Mr. William R. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Moore, Mr. Nathaniel Moore, Miss Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Nutting, Mrs. Ainsworth, Miss Ainsworth, Miss Anna Goad, Mrs. Maud Claflin. All were booked from Chicago.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

OUR PLEDGE.

BY JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

Let cowards live and hug their chains,
Let cravens bend the trembling knee,
But while one gleam of hope remains,
My country, we are pledged to thee;
The robbers' haughty cursed sway,
The falsehood black, the dastard stroke
That leaves you stricken down today,
Your haughty spirit never broke.

The spirit of the martyr boy
Now burns as steady, strong and true,
As free from dross and base alloy
As when within his breast it grew.
And there be hearts that pine and rage
To fling away the robes of shame,
The gallant war again to wage,
And fan that spirit to a flame.

It shall be done, it shall be done,
Despite the scorning tyrant's threat;
Our power and pride not yet are gone
And still unpaid's the bloody debt;
We'll lift the banner from the dust,
And hold it with unshrinking hand;
We'll free the sabre from the rust
To right again our trodden land.

Stand forth! ye eagle-eyed and young,
Whose veins are hot, whose souls are true
Stand forth! our battling host among,
Who wage the ancient fight anew;
And you the weary in the strife,
Who braved the bursting of the gale,
Rise up refreshed to youthful life,
And aid the cause that shall not fail.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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"THE IRISH ARTIST."

Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia Theatre Next Week.

Commencing Sunday night, April 21, Chauncey Olcott will appear at the Columbia for one week, in "The Irish Artist." Speaking of his appearance in that city recently, the New York *Times* says:

"Chauncey Olcott has become, under the able administration of Augustus Pitou, the successor to Emmet and Scanlan in the eyes of the public. He seems to have all the needful qualities of a popular stage hero of this sort. He sings

ballads in a clear, strong, resonant voice, and he looks well. Last night the Fourteenth Street Theatre was crowded to welcome him back. He appeared, amid handsome pictorial surroundings and always in radiant attire, as the hero of an Irish romantic drama.

"He came back from London, where he had gained fame as an artist, to his birthplace, in Wexford, and his old friends received him with open arms and shouts. He loved and was loved in return, but the villain, his old playmate, who had always hated him, stood between him and his love. The villain had also betrayed the hero's sister, and was the leader of a band of smugglers who hid their booty in a water cave. Through the villain's machinations, shame fell upon the hero, but he conquered it, regained his love, and secured his birthright.

"At frequent intervals in the proceedings he stopped to sing. To the heroine, while yet Cupid seemed to frown, he said, melodiously, 'Ah, would that fate had willed it so that we had never met, or memory could perish, too, for then I might, I might, forget.'

"His audience sympathized with him deeply, whether his mood was grave or gay. He was cheered with vehemence. He is capably supported, and the play, which, by the way, is called "The Irish Artist," is handsomely mounted. The time is 1815, and the costumes are antique.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY.

ESTATE OF RICHARD COTHROLL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Richard Cothroll, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1895, being the 29th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 15, 1895.

MARY C. COTHROLL, Administratrix.

James O'Connell Attorney for Administratrix.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.

John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.

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"Umbria" "Etruria" "Aurania" "Servia"

520 ft. Long, 8500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power,

and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

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AN IRISH NIGHT.

Literary and Lyrical Lecture,

"THE STORY AND SONGS OF IRELAND,"

BY

JOHN F. FINERTY

AND

M. J. MURPHY,

AT

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1895.

The Lecture will be divided into Five periods of Irish History, which will be presented by Mr. Finerty, as follows:

1—From the beginning to Richard II's defeat by Art McMurrough.
Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"Oh, Where's the Slave so Lowly".....Moore

2—From A. D. 1400 to the death of Hugh O'Neill, the great Earl of Tyrone, in 1616.
Irish War Song by Mr. Murphy,
"O'Donnell Aboo" (In Irish).....McCann

3—The period of Cromwell and Owen Roe O'Neill, 1641–1651.
Irish National Caoine by Mr. Murphy,
"Lament for Owen Roe".....Davis

4—Period of James II, Sarsfield and St. Ruth, Athlone, Aughrim, Limerick and Fontenoy.
Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"The Battle Eve of the Irish Brigade".....Davis

5—(Last Period) Ireland in America, the Revolutionary Heroes, Presbyterian and Catholic; the Volunteers, '98; Emmet, O'Connell and Young Ireland; the Fenians and Parnell.
Irish National Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"Native Swords".....Thomas Davis

The lecture has been received with great favor in all the principal cities of America, and has been highly eulogized by the American press.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, . 50 & 75 Cents
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According to Location.

The Box Office sale of seats will begin a week in advance of Lecture, on Monday, April 22. Call early and get choice seats.

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DR. KEAN

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

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157 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,
Eigg on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul.
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul, he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul, he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SWAPPED SUITS.

I was riding slowly along on my tired sorrel nag after an all day's pull up the mountains of east Tennessee, not far from Jasper, and I was in the very midst of the forest primeval. Giant trees stretched their guarled branches above my head and scattered their brilliant leaves about me, weaving a carpet for my horse's feet more gorgeous than kings have trod. Away off in the lonely Sequatchie I could see the sloping ridges and spreading spurs dovetailing into each other their crimson and yellow and purple till all faded alike into the distant blue as the mountains lost themselves in the misty east. No sound broke the stillness save now and then the barking of a squirrel cracking nuts in the big chestnut trees or the late call of the wood bird for his mate. I was musing on the mighty works of God and the pitiful efforts of his unworthy creatures as I rode along and wondering where I should take my supper, for I was what might be called decently hungry and indecently thirsty.

Suddenly a sharp turn in the trail stuck my horse's nose almost into the very face of a man who sat on a rock by the roadside, staring straight before him. His head and chest were thrown forward, his chin had dropped below zero, his lank knees spread wide apart like the open jaws of a Louisiana alligator and his hands hung limp at his sides. A suit of brown jeans, so new that they smelt of the walnut bark dye, clothed his thin stripe of manly form, and a shirt collar of blue hickory turned down around a spare neck, to the very verge of which his fadey, straw colored hair was plastered sleek as a ballroom floor with turkey fat. A more perfect picture of abject misery I never saw before nor since, and I jerked my pony's head out of the man's face and leaned forward in my saddle to look at him.

"Got it bad?" I asked at last, when the creaking of his stiff clothes and the snort of his heavy breathing became embarrassingly audible in the quietude of the forest.

"That's what I hev, stranger," he said, lifting his jaw, but keeping his eyes fixed straight ahead. "Ketched it in the neck an collar bone an chist, an the breas' bone, an the heart, an the stomick, an the lights, an the livers, an the bowils, an the yuther lower regions. Facks er the business is, I've got it fu'm the crown er my ole fool head to the soles er my big blamed foot. Got it all over!"

"What gave it to you?"

He sprang to his 7 feet of height with a yell that reverberated on the mountain side, jumped about a yard from the ground, cracking his heels together as he came down again.

"What gin it to me, stranger?" he shouted when he had lit, "what gin it to me? Why, Nancy, ov course! Who'd you s'pose? Ca'se why? Ca'se er these her plague on clo'es what you see befo' you, a-kiverin this flabbergasted ole hide er mine. Look at 'em, stranger. Look at 'em, fur Gawd's sake, fur their een is nigh at han," and the fellow gyrated around among the dry leaves like a materialized whirlwind.

"Clothes?" said I. "What's the matter with your clothes? That's as good a suit as I've seen this side of Pennsylvania."

"Stranger, you don't mean it?" he said softly, coming up close beside me and fetching a whack across my thigh that tingled all the way up my anatomy, creeping out at the end of my funny bone. "Sho' now, you don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do, though, but what does Nancy say about it?" I answered.

"Stranger," he said, leaning on my pony's neck and looking up at me confidentially, "you see it's thisser way. Me an Nancy thar's been keepin comp'ny nigh on to three years come the 18 day er nex' December, an things had about got whar thar warn't nairy ornery cuss on the mountaing as dared to look at the groun she walked on. That's what! I'm some, stranger, whenst I gits riled, an the fellows 'lowed 'twas my deal, an cl'ared the track. Well, sech was matters tell the 27 day ner las' Augus', whenst we was comin home f'um meetin down to the cove, me an Nancy. That day I axed an Nancy spoke the word, an we fixed the time—this here very day, blame it—fur the knot to be tied, the knot which binds, but don't inebrate."

I saw the fellow's jaw was beginning to quiver, and suddenly he clapped his hands to his face and dropped back on the stone.

I thought he was going off into one of those staring trances perhaps, or worse, so I interposed gently:

"Where was the hitch?"

"Right here, durn it all," he shouted, slapping his narrow pantaloons and flinging open his ample coat front. "These here clo'es, I tell you. Mam made 'em fur me with her own han's, too, that's whar it hurts. I can't go back thar to the cabin an tell mam Nancy scorned the clo'es she made, could you now, stranger, ef you was me? I've knowed mam longer'n I hev Nancy, an she hev stood by me th'ough evil as well as th'ough good report, in sickness an p. health"—the fellow's eyes were getting set again. "O Lordy, whatcher reckon make my ole fool min keep runnin on that marridge cer'mony? As I aimed to tell you while ago, mam she made this here suit out'n out, dyin an cardin an spinnin an weavin an cuttin an sewin an all. She ripped up pap's weddin suit fur a patron, which granpap he'd mar'id in the same befo' him. An this hickory stripe shirt, she made it, too, an stranger, what's a fellow to do? I can't go home, s'help me Gawd, an tell the ole 'oman Nancy scorned the clo'es she made fur me, but I don't min tellin you, seein you are handy an seem kinder soft an harmless.

"As I 'lowed the weddin was to come off tonight, so I got ready and went down early, aimin to be on han an thinkin I could he'p roun mebbe, fetchin wood an drawin cider. I got thar soon arter dinner, an Nancy's little sis Ten, she seed me comin an runned an tol the yuthers. An, by gum, whenst I shinned over the fence an started up the parth to the house, thar they all was big as life came to the do' to watch me. Thar was Nancy an her mam, an her dad, an Buck an Jeems an Marthy Ann an 'Randy Gibbs f'um over at Jasper, what had come to stan up at the weddin, an that little blame Tennessee, an—Nancy! Lord, how they seem' to swell thar in the cabin do' as I fumbled up to the house th'ough the dead leaves. Seem like thar was a plum army ov 'em thar—an Nancy!—an look like my legs tangled up same's a interferin horse, an my arms growed so long they tetched the groun, an my feet so big the yearth couldn't hold 'em. My, stranger, but I was hot whenst I did get to that cabin do', which it natchelly seemed to be miles away. Well, whenst I did get thar, thar was Nancy!

"'Thomas McTair,' she said, pyeart-like, steppin to the front, an 'Randy Gibbs a-eggin her on f'um behin, 'Thomas McTair—pap his name is Thomas, an mam j'ined on the McTair for the bishop what uster be down to Nashville—'Thomas McTair,' says Nancy, 'was you aimin to marry in them jeans garments?' she says. 'Them was my intentions, says I, seein she had spoke so proper. 'Well, Mr. Lane,' she up an answer, 'if them is your intentions you'll git some yuther gal to marry you. If a man is too low down to git a pa'r er sto' bought clo'es to marry in, why the Lord have mercy on his soul, fur I won't.' Yes, sir, them was Nancy's very words war, an with that the do' slammed, an whenst I looked up thar warn't Nancy! O Lord, O Lord!"

"Stranger," he began again after a moment, eying my rough tweed suit, "did you mean them words you spoke about this here dad blamed suit er jeans? Did you now?"

"Well, yes," I answered, "from my standpoint, that is a first rate suit, straight goods, all wool and a yard wide."

"Thanky, stranger, thanky," said Thomas McTair exuberantly, "blamed ef I don't tell the ole lady them words ner yourn, but—see here, stranger, would you min swoppin?"

"What? Suits?" I asked, smiling at the remembrance of the 12 inches of difference in our heights.

"That's what," he said eagerly. "You see, it's thisser way. Thar's plenty time yit fo' the weddin was to 'a' been, an ef you air a min to 'commodate me I kin get thar by the time the squire'll come, an, bless Gawd, I'll git Nancy!"

"I am afraid your clothes won't fit me," I said temporizingly.

His face fell. "Looker here, stranger," he said, and there were tears in his eyes, "I'm a-losin the chance er Nancy! You don't know what that means, ca'se you've never sot eyes on that purty face er hern, nur seen her walkin in the mist uv a mornin with the dampness curlin that yeller hair uv hern, an—O Lord, stranger, ain't thar a gal somers as you'd die to git?"

"Right you are there, Thomas," I said dismounting. "You've hit the nail on the head, and I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Mam's cooked up a lot of good things, hasn't she, back at the cabin, for you and Nancy to start honeymooning on?"

"That's what," he answered.

"Well, shuck off, I'll lend you my suit till the wedding's over, provided you'll put me on the trail to your cabin and give me supper and a bed. A fellow gets kinder played climbing mountains."

"Stranger, you're a trump," cried Thomas, with effusion. "You're a man ever' inch uv you, an you're treatin me white. O Lord, jest to think, I'll git Nancy!"

"I say, Thomas," said I, after we had both disrobed, "you'll have to get that turkey grease out of your hair, or I am afraid my hat won't stay on your head. It will slip off, you know."

"Right you air, stranger," he said, eying my rough shock. "Mebbe a little stragglin outlook, as you mought call it, would go better wit sto' clo'es. But come down this way a piece."

He picked up my bundle of clothes and his own big boots, which he had been compelled to remove in order to skin his trousers over his feet, and led the way down the trail in his under suit of unwashed Sea island.

We came presently upon a little cove under overhanging ledges of rock, whence a spring bubbled, trailing its way noisily down the mountain side. Before I knew what he was about Thomas McTair had thrown himself forward on the palms of his hands and was standing feet uppermost over the stream. The ripples gurgled through his long hair, washing the oil out upon the troubled waters.

"Never wet a thread, did I?" he said by and by as he turned a somersault and landed on his feet.

By this time I was comfortably habited in his hickory shirt and brown jeans, with about a foot of trousers turned up in an English roll around my ankles.

Thomas McTair's dressing proceeded more slowly, converting him into a forked sight. My trousers struck him about the region of his calves and refused to be coaxed any lower, but this was a minor defect, as his cowhide boots nobly satisfied the deficiency. But up above there were no extenuating circumstances. The button tab at the end of the shirt bosom struck him amid seas and lopped over the top of the low cut vest. The short sack coat failed to hide the strap and buckle of his trousers in the rear and showed a suspicious line of white round the waist places when he raised his arm. About three inches of Sea island undershirt formed a cuff protruding beneath the coat sleeve. His wet hair stood out in little weepy wisps all over his head, but the biggest thing in sight was the smile that pervaded his countenance.

"Don't happen to hev a lookin glass about you, do you, stranger?" he asked when his toilet was complete.

"I do just," I said, reaching in my saddlebags for my traveling case, and the glow of satisfaction that shone in his face at sight of his comical reflection rewarded me for my philanthropic endeavors.

"Stranger," he said to me by and by, as he held my hand in his, "you hev been to me a frien in need wuth two in the bush, that's what. Now, s'long tell I see you agin. You foller the leadin er that thar trail th'ough the underbrush, an fust news you know you'll see the cabin in the cla'rin an mo'n likely mam er milkin the cow. She's survigrous lookin, mam is, but she's all right. You jest tell her Thomas McTair sent you, an your fort'in's made with mam. The jug sets behin the do'. S'long; I'm loaded now fur Nancy."

I watched him swing himself down with quick, free strides, and by and by turned my horse's head up through the underbrush. The sun was just sinking to rest and hung like a red ball of fire beyond the murky mountains. I turned for a last look at him to find myself staring straight down the barrel of a rifle.

"Didn't calk'late on this jest, did ye, stranger?" asked the old man at the end of the gun as he came out from the underbush. He was a long, lean, lank, tough old customer, with determination written in box car letters all over his hard old face, and I began to feel a little shaky in my bones with that hungry looking rifle filling up the space between us.

"Well, I believe you are right, old man," I began, circulating through all the gray matter of my brain to produce an appropriate answer.

"I 'lowed not, ye dad blasted valley man, ye," the old man interrupted me. "I could give ye the same as ye sont, mebbe, with ole meat in the pot here, but shootin's too good fur ye. I guess ye'll keep handy enough, so ye'll 'commodate me by leadin the way up that trail thar whilst me an ole meat in the pot brings up the rear."

"No use talking over matters before we get up, is there, old fellow?" I asked, breathing easier at the chance of a respite, at least, and finding that the trail was the one pointed out by Thomas McTair. I put two and two together and concluded that my captor was the father of my whilom friend, and that perhaps matters might not prove as disastrous as they looked.

A half hour's steady pull brought us to the clearing which Thomas McTair had described, and, sure enough, mam was at the pen milking. The old man directed my way up to the rickety rail fence and called his wife to him, speaking to her in husky whispers which I could not understand. By and by he made me dismount and lead the way into the cabin. "Onload, stranger," he said, motioning me to a seat in the chimney corner by the fire. I gave him my pistol and empty flask, which were all I had transferred from my pockets to Thomas McTair's when we changed clothes. Through the open window I saw the old woman leading away my tired nag, and I hoped she would give him a good supper. Presently she came in.

"Bets," said the old man, giving her the rifle, "ye set thar by the table an keep the gun p'inted plumb. Ef the skunk winks his eye onnecessary, why, let her go, Gallagher. I'd like to keep him till the boys kin see the fun, but blaze away ef he shows his teeth. I'll g'long down now."

Bets was a "survigrous" old woman, as Thomas McTair had said, and she gazed at me with fire in her eye and her finger on the trigger. I calculated upon the chances of Thomas McTair's probable return to the parental roof and concluded that, for the sake of my health and the welfare of humanity at large, it would be unwise to put off eating and drinking until that time. I looked the old lady straight in her fiery eye and said with the deliberation of a seed tick grabbing for keeps and in the sanctimonious tone of a newly appointed circuit rider:

"Madam, if I should by chance die of starvation before my friend Thomas McTair returns from the wedding, kindly tell him that it broke my heart to go without seeing him once more in this life, and that I shall hope to meet him in heaven." The old woman's hand shook, and I feared the trigger would fall, but it didn't, and I kept on. "Tell my friend Thomas McTair that I will and bequeath to him and his heirs forever my plug horse, my saddlebags and all that in them is, my six shooter and my empty flask, and this I do in return for the favor he showed me in so nobly exchanging this excellent and altogether lovely suit of brown jeans for my old garments, which moth and dust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal. Amen."

By this time the old woman was in tears. She laid the gun on the table, grabbed a pumpkin pie from the shelf behind her with one hand and about a yard of fried smoked sausage links with the other.

"Stranger," she said, shaking a tear about the size of a marrowfat pea from the end of her thin nose. "Stranger, set to."

She laid a plate upon the table as she spoke, flanked it with a bowl of apple sauce, a corn pone and about two dozen hard boiled eggs. "The cabin's yourn, stranger," she said as I drew my chair to the board.

"And the jug behind the door?" I inquired.

"An the jug behin the door," she said, producing a fat brown demijohn and a cracked glass.

By and by she took the gun, set it over in the corner with a thump. "Ole Tom Lane allus was a born'd fool," she said emphatically as she fished her snuffbox and brush from her pocket and sat down to ruminate. I had about cleared up everything in sight and was feeling wonderfully comfortable inside, when I heard a yell like a stray Comanche's, and old Lane burst in upon us.

"Thank Gawd," he said, grabbing my hand and almost crushing it in his own. "Thank Gawd, ye air 'live an kickin. Blamed ef I didn't think ye'd killed my son Thomas McTair fur the clothes on his back, blarst my ole fool hide."

Thomas McTair came in soon after—and Nancy.

"By gum, stranger," said the big fellow, "but you missed a close call f'um the old man's gun, didn't you? But it's all right now. You're safe, an I've got Nancy." Thomas McTair stuck to his bargain of giving me a comfortable bed, and I staid with them until the sun was high in the heavens next day. My empty flask was filled and in its right place when we changed clothes again.

"You've been a gawdsen to me, stranger," he said at parting, "fur you got me Nancy."

The distant tree tops blazed in the glory of the noonday sun as I turned from the little trail into the rocky mountain road; the gray squirrels warmed themselves amid the branches overhead, rattling down chestnut hulls upon the fallen leaves, and away back in the underbrush I heard the high pitched, happy voice of Thomas McTair, "Oh, git along, git along, git along, Nancy, way down in Rockingham."—Lavinia H. Egan in Philadelphia Times.

Charges of English Tailors.

A conversation with a fashionable tailor and another with a swell hosier, which I had a few days ago, have served to considerably enlighten me with regard to the fancies of the upper ten. Twelve to fourteen guineas, I was told, is the price usually paid by a young man about town for a dress suit, and 50 shillings is frequently charged for a pair of trousers. This latter seems incredible, but it must be remembered that the cloth is of very special make and costs the tailor himself half a guinea a yard. Mr. Gladstone, by the way, pays 35 shillings for his trousers. Mr. Robert Spencer, who has the reputation of being the best dressed man in the house of commons, does not object to giving between 40 and 50 shillings, while the Duke of Fife usually pays £2 10s. Eight to ten guineas is the price of a frock coat cut in the latest style. This is the sum paid by the Prince of Wales.

Eight to ten guineas is the price of an overcoat, while for an ordinary lounge suit the aristocrat has to pay 8 guineas. The best linen shirts, 25 shillings. Spun silk pants are sold a dozen at a time at the rate of 60 shillings apiece. A single silk vest costs a couple of guineas, and a pair of silk socks 12s. 6d. Many wealthy men have a rooted objection to wearing a pair of socks more than once. The boots of the Prince of Wales cost him £3 18s. per pair. The best braces range in price from half a guinea to a guinea for the embroidered article. Spats of the finest quality cost 16 shillings a pair, and scarfs for ties 12s. 6d. each. It must be borne in mind that these are the prices paid by wealthy men, or, at all events, men who pass as such. Long credit is the rule, and the tailor takes care to charge for it.—London Letter.

Slaughtered the Hog.

The Pittsburg Dispatch tells how a "railroad hog" was punished the other day. He had piled the space next to him in a car seat with his bundles, and when a gentleman asked him if any one was to occupy it he replied that the bundles belonged to a man who was temporarily in the smoking car. "All right," said the gentleman, "I will sit in the seat till he comes," and he proceeded to remove the bundles. Pretty soon the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination and he started to gather up his effects. But the gentleman at once put a veto on this, with the remark: "You can't take these bundles. You yourself said they belonged to a man in the smoker." The fellow got mad and abusive, but the gentleman was inexorable.

Finally the conductor was called in, who delivered his dictum as follows: "If the bundles are not claimed by any one on the train, then, by coming around to the depot tomorrow and identifying them satisfactorily we will give them to you." The man's face was as red as fire with rage, and he shook like gelatin, but he could do nothing, so, amid the laughter of the passengers, he rushed out of the car to jump off just as the train was pulling out from the station. And he meekly came around to the depot for his bundles the next day, but swore revenge upon the man who played such a practical joke upon him.

Apprehensive.

A youth who is yet classed as a small boy, in whose family there is a physician, came home recently from a visit to the M. D. and seemed to be full of knowledge. "I am not going to play games with kissing," he announced to his own family. "No more kissing games for me." He was pressed for a reason. "Well," he responded, with the air of a child having just made an important discovery, "there is so much disease going around, and most of it is caught by kissing, and who knows what the girls may have?"—Washington Post.

MAKING GEOGRAPHY.

A SUPPOSED PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

An "Authentic Island" and the Ingenious Deductions Made From Its Supposed Location—Mr. Oldham and Other Eminent Geographers on the Question.

The Geographical Journal contains an important paper by Mr. Oldham on a supposed pre-Columbian discovery of America by the Portuguese. The evidence on which the Genoese mariner is to be displaced from the position which he has held for more than 400 years appears, says the London Standard, somewhat slender. It consists of an inscription on a manuscript map executed in London during the year 1448 by Andrea Bianco, a famous Venetian cartographer. On this document, now one of the most valued treasures of the Ambrosian library in Milan, it is recorded that in 1447 an "ixola otintcha," an authentic island, had been discovered 1,500 miles to the west, which is portrayed in the shape of a long stretch of coast line southwest from Cape Verde. The only land in such a position is South America. Mr. Oldham therefore concludes that, as actually happened to Cabral in 1500, a Portuguese ship—and Bianco's map was intended to illustrate the latest Portuguese exploration—might have been driven on the South American coast. Ingenious though this information undoubtedly is, the opinions of Mr. Markham and other eminent geographers, appended to Mr. Oldham's paper, are for the most part rather against the conclusions at which he arrives.

More than likely the "authentic island" was one of the group discovered to the west of Cape Verde, or else some mythical country, such as "Antilia," which so long occupied the position of the Azores. St. Brandan's island was one of those fabulous seagirt spots which, ages after the world had ceased to believe in the fabled Atlantis, were fondly imagined to exist far out in the Atlantic. The Irish saint is supposed to have reached it in the year 565, just as Robert O'Machin and his ladylove inadvertently discovered Madeira 800 years later. But as exploration proceeded, and no St. Brandan's isle could be found, the trustful cartographer, unwilling to dispense with so useful a piece of territory, shifted it farther and farther into the byways of the ocean, until, on Sanson's map of 1669, an island of that name is placed to the west of Madagascar. The silence of the Portuguese regarding their suggested priority in the discovery of America is a strong presumption that they knew nothing about the "authentic island." They were so angry at being anticipated by Columbus that they would certainly have put in a claim, if they had heard of it, to the voyage of the nameless mariner. The early navigators were persistent in holding almost every new land they discovered to be an island.

It is just possible, though not very probable, that such an island existed and has now disappeared below the surface. In the course of the last 400 or 500 years earthquakes, volcanic disturbances and the slow secular depression of the sea bottom have been steadily at work. On the sea charts of 1½ centuries ago various islets are marked which further search has failed to discover. Besides the Atlantis, so long believed in, the old "sunken land of Buss," west of Rockall, that lonely rock in the Atlantic, is by many believed to have been founded on something more substantial than myth, while geological opinion seems again to be stiffening in favor of the once discarded "Miocene Atlantis." But apart from these hypothetical places, or others admittedly fabulous, very recent charts note Atlantic isles which the surveyor has long ago set down as fiction.

Where, for instance, is St. Matthew's island, which Garcia de Loyasa reported in 1525, if it was not really the isle of Annobon, in the gulf of Guinea? Santa Cruz, which in sixteenth century charts is placed about two leagues west of St. Matthew's, Ascensao or the False Trinidad and Santa Maria d'Agosto are equally chimerical, unless they can be merged into actual spots or have perished since their discoverey. All over the Atlantic rocks just rising above the surface had a place on the charts of a century ago. For instance, between St. Helena and Cape Negro, the "African Pilot" of 1799 places "St. Helena Nova" as "doubtful," and between the bay of Biscay and Newfoundland, the "isle of Mayda," the Devil's Rocks and the Green island. But of all of these spots in mid-Atlantic, St. Paul's rocks, or the Penedo of St. Pedro, are about the only ones which have survived the unimaginative cartography of the present day.

We hear nothing of the others. Where are they? Did they ever exist? The Atlantic is so much traversed and retraversed every year that it is scarcely possible for any spot to be overlooked. Indeed new islets are no longer among the annual discoveries of seamen in the Pacific, though now and then we hear of submarine volcanoes throwing up cinder heaps. We are therefore justified in speculating whether the forces of nature may not perhaps have saved the credit of the old navigators by occasionally submerging an islet in the Atlantic.

Cats and the Law.

An American decision on the law of cats seems to have taken some English people by surprise. A citizen of Baltimore recently annexed a fine Maltese cat from his neighbor, and the latter had the annexer arrested for theft. When the case came on, counsel for the prisoner pleaded that you could not steal a cat, and the attorney general for Maryland has supported his plea on appeal. But there is nothing new about this. It is the common law of England that there is no property in a cat. The harmless necessary cat, even a most valuable Persian, cannot be the subject of larceny by our common law.—London Standard

SWEARING IN RECRUITS.

How Simply It Is Done Here and How Impressively In Germany.

"The unostentatious manner in which our national affairs are administrated is well illustrated by the striking contrast between the ceremony of swearing in recruits in our army and the same ceremony in Germany," remarked an officer who is stationed at Fort Wayne. "Here the recruit, after expressing his desire to serve Uncle Sam, is ushered into the room, a bare, dingy, rented apartment, which serves as office for the enlisting officer of the army, and then and there is called upon to repeat after the said officer the following oath, its solemn import marked by the cursory upward tendency of the irrespective right hand: 'I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, and that I will obey the orders of the president of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles of war. So help me God.' Signature to this oath makes him, without more ado, a full fledged soldier.

"How different is the following ceremony used in binding Germany's soldiers to their kaiser: The young conscript is conducted to the church of the parish in which he enlists, where he is first addressed by the pastor on the sacred character and great import of the oath he is about to take; then, the flag of his country and that of his battalion being placed on the altar, the embryo soldier is required to place his left hand on these flags, and raising his right to repeat the following oath: 'I swear before God, who is all powerful, and who knows all, that I will serve loyally and faithfully my very gracious sovereign under all circumstances. On land and sea, in peace and in war, and in all places I swear to seek only his good and to do everything to prevent injury to him. I swear to observe strictly the articles of war which have just been read to me. I swear to obey all orders and to conduct myself as every courageous, honest soldier ought to do, delighting in fulfilling the duties that honor imposes upon me. As surely as God will aid me in gaining eternity through Jesus Christ. Amen!'

"Is it not a serious question whether our simplicity in the administration of a sacred oath does not defeat its very purpose? We in this free born American republic are justly proud of our simple, unostentatious ways, marked by want of useless ceremony, and we, by our example, daily administer rebuke to the old world of the vanity of its ways, but let us not carry this feeling too far. Human nature here, as elsewhere, is impressionable, and if an obligation is rendered more binding by impressiveness we should not hesitate to employ its necessary accompaniments even to the 'fuss and feathers' employed by our elders in the sisterhood of nations.

"The average American, unversed in patriotic lore, woefully ignorant of patriotic symbols, is constantly accused of want of devotion to his country, of too great individualism, too little nationalism. Let us hope that this is not so; that our patriotism but lies dormant, awaiting the occasion which will call it into play and make its existent strength emphatically evident to the world.

"In the meantime let the soldier swear by his country's beautiful emblem. Furthermore, let the stars and stripes be displayed more often and with more reverence before the people at large. Nothing will contribute further to arouse our heterogeneous population, our too large disorderly element, the product of sordid, selfish individualism, to a realization of other more worthy interests; of a duty paramount to all others, yet so generally lost sight of, to a country that exists, to a flag that waves, on this side of the ocean."—Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon's Great Victories In Italy.

Within 11 days the Austrians and Sardiuians were separated, the latter defeated and forced to sign an armistice. After a rest of two days a fortnight saw him victorious in Lombardy and entering Milan as a conqueror. Two weeks elapsed, and again he set forth to reduce to his sway in less than a month the most of central Italy. Against an enemy now desperate and at bay, his operations fell into four divisions, each resulting in an advance—the first, of 9 days, against Wurmser and Quasdanowich; a second, of 16 days, against Wurmser; a third, of 12 days, against Alvinczy, and a fourth, of 30 days, until he captured Mantua and opened the mountain passes to his army.

Within 15 days after opening hostilities against the pope he forced him to sign the treaty of Tolentino, and within 36 days of their setting foot on the road from Mantua to Vienna the French were at Leoben, distant only 90 miles from the Austrian capital, and dictating terms to the empire. In the year between March 27, 1796, and April 7, 1797, Bonaparte humbled the most haughty dynasty in Europe, toppled the central European state system and initiated the process which has given a predominance apparently final to Prussia, then considered but as a parvenu.—Professor Sloane's 'Life of Napoleon" in Century.

He Shaved Himself.

"I heard a good barber story the other day," said a man in the hotel rotunda, "and for genuine sarcasm I believe it carries off the palm. It may be an old one at that, but if it is it's worth repeating. It appears that a certain barber was trying to describe a certain man to a customer in his chair. He thought the customer ought to know him, as he had lived here a long time and had often sat on platforms at public meetings with other vice presidents.

"'He is a tall, thin man, with dark hair,' said the barber.

"'Has he a smooth face?' asked the customer.

"'No,' said the barber, 'he shaves himself.'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HAWAII, THE BEAUTIFUL.

The cocoa, with its crest of spears,
Stands sentry round the crescent shore;
The algeroba, bent with years,
Keeps watch beside the lanai door;
The cool wind fans the mango's cheek;
The mynah flits from tree to tree,
And zephyrs to the roses speak
Their sweetest words at Waikiki.

Like truant children of the deep
Escaped behind a coral wall,
The lisping wavelets laugh and leap
Nor heed old ocean's stern recall.
All day they frolic with the sands,
Kiss pink lipped shells in wanton glee,
Make windrows with their patting hands
And, singing, sleep at Waikiki.

O Waikiki! O scene of peace!
O home of beauty and of dreams!
No haven in the isle of Greece
Can chord the harp to sweeter themes.
For houris haunt the broad lanais,
While scented zephyrs cool the tea,
And looking down from sunset skies
The angels smile on Waikiki.
—Rollin M. Daggett.

A Disputed Discovery.

The man does not live, perhaps, who has the least idea of the name of the discoverer of the properties and ingredients of gunpowder, or who can tell within 500 or 1,000 years the date of its discovery. I have recently read both sides of the gunpowder controversy as it has appeared in a New York daily (where one writer argues that the discoverer was Roger Bacon, while the other declares that history supports the assertion that Michael Schwartz, a German monk, deserves the praise). It appears to me that the controversy in reference to Bacon versus Schwartz is of secondary importance, especially when it is known that it was in use hundreds of years before the birth of either.

Rziha has compiled a long chronological history of this useful explosive, of which the following is an abridgement:

Julius Africanus (215 A. D.) gives a splendid formula for the preparation of gunpowder.

In the year 690, when the Arabs bombarded Mecca, they used firearms.

A Greek manuscript by Marcus Graechus, which is now in the Oxford (England) museum, gives an excellent recipe for gunpowder.

In 880 Leo, the philosopher, made "fire rockets" for the use of the army in the east.

In 1073 King Solomon of Hungary bombarded Belgrade with cannons.

In 1232 the Tartars employed "fire pipes and balls" in their war with China.

All the above occurred from one to ten centuries before either Bacon or Schwartz was born.—St. Louis Republic.

An Important Item In Murder Cases.

Whether the blood stains found on the hands and garments of suspected murderers are those of the victim or of some animal has for many years been a most difficult question to decide. The presence of the sanguinary fluid forms a very strong bit of circumstantial evidence, but no expert has until recently been able to swear positively that the stains were made by the blood of a human being. Dr. Cyrus Edson has often been called as an expert in murder cases, but with a deep sense of the importance of his decision has many times refused to testify that it was blood of a human being which he was required to examine. Recently, however, he has made an important discovery, and one which definitely fixes the action of experts in the future. By magnifying blood corpuscles and throwing them upon a screen with a magic lantern the form, consistency and other peculiarities of blood are clearly established, and it is shown that blood drawn from the veins of a human being is entirely unlike that of any other creature. The importance of this discovery may be realized when it is known that within one single year at least 15 cases have occurred in which the identification of human blood was necessary in order to establish the guilt of the suspected party.—New York Ledger.

A Quarrel by Cable.

The cable was once the medium for a lovers' quarrel, which took place between a lady in New York and a gentleman in France. The heroine was no other than that divine French artiste whose genius we all admire. The gentleman was a dramatic author, now no more. This curious quarrel took place one Sunday, the cable being joined through direct. It bristled with passionate reproaches, bitter, stinging sarcasms, couched in picturesque French. The scene was intensely dramatic. Both the actors, so near and yet so far, trembled with jealous passion as their bitter sarcasms were flashed through the coils of this gigantic sea serpent. Mutual complaints, reproaches and threats continued, until a last stinging sarcasm from France reduced the excitable artiste to a state of nervous excitement which culminated in hysterics. The cable was then restored to its normal condition and the artiste to her senses.—London Standard.

A Dream and Its Fulfillment.

A young man living in Florence dreamed that he had been bitten and mortally wounded by the marble lion which stood with open jaws in front of a certain church. Walking past the church with a few friends on the following day he told them of his dream and placed his hand in the lion's mouth, with the words, "Now bite me." At that very instant he felt a violent pain, for a scorpion that lay concealed in the lion's jaws had stung him so severely that he died in a few hours.—Secolo.

The Devil's House.

In Ladyard, a small town in Connecticut, is a house built prior to 1710 which bears the title of the "Devil's House." A curse is supposed to rest upon it, and in proof it is pointed out that in the present century more than 100 deaths have occurred in it, most of which were violent or more than ordinarily pathetic. The curse is supposed to have been put upon the place by a girl named Green, who was ill treated there by a relative to secure her property.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE VANDERBILT DIVORCE.

An Example of the Most Pernicious Character Imaginable.

The method by which the Vanderbilt divorce was arranged is a scandal to our jurisprudence. Worse than that, it is an influence for the degradation of public morals and the breaking down of the popular sense of right and wrong.

Practically Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt divorced themselves. There was no hearing before a court. The parties did not appear before the tribunal. There was no public proof of infidelity on either side to serve as a punishment to the guilty party or as a deterrent influence in the case of others. The whole matter was arranged by dicker. The only function of the court was to give legal effect to the terms of the bargain.

Is it, then, the privilege of the rich to annul their marriages at pleasure by mutual agreement? The law, rigidly enforced against all ordinary citizens, prescribes that collusion between husband and wife shall be an effectual and peremptory bar to divorce. Yet this rich man and woman have sent their lawyers into court with a collusive agreement already made; the court has suppressed the evidence agreed to be presented by sending the case to a referee instead of hearing it in open session; the referee has made a report in accordance with the terms of the dicker; the court has affirmed it, ordering the papers sealed so that there may be no scandal—which means simply that the guilty party shall be spared all social shame and inconvenience — and the terms of the collusive agreement have been embodied in a decree which authorizes one party to marry again at pleasure and imposes upon the other a prohibition of marriage which is as ineffectual as a bull against a comet.

In saying this we do not mean to reflect upon Justice Barrett. He is a judge whose eminent learning and conspicuous service are properly appreciated by the community. But in this matter he is the instrument of a vicious system which prevails, we believe, only in New York and which certainly does not obtain in most of the other states.

Unless we accept the unclean doctrine of free love, marriage and divorce are not in any sense private matters. The family relation lies at the very foundation of society. Divorce equally with marriage is a matter of public concern and should be decreed only after a public hearing and public proof of statutory cause.

A case of this kind sets an example of the most pernicious character imaginable. It means to the majority that there is one law for the rich and another for the rest of us. It means that if you have money enough your marriage vows may count for nothing. It means that your misconduct will be carefully guarded against exposure by all the authority the courts possess. It means that while collusive divorce proceedings are peremptorily thrown out of court in the case of ordinary persons a multimillionaire and his wife may arrange such a proceeding in full assurance that it will be ratified by the courts, and that all the scandalous details will be securely hidden beneath the sacred seal of the tribunal.—New York World.

A ROYAL DORCAS ANNOYED.

The Princess of Wales Overwhelmed by Indigent Centenarians.

A kindly act of charity privately performed by the Princess of Wales without a thought of advertisement is now causing her much inconvenience. Some weeks ago the attention of the princess was drawn to the sadly destitute condition of a Mrs. Thomas, a centenarian living at Burryport, and the ancient dame was made happy by a handsome donation. This came to the knowledge of the local reporters, who naturally boomed royal benevolence. The result is that the princess is simply overwhelmed with applications for assistance on behalf of aged men and women and to judge from her correspondence there must be thousands of centenarians in this happy country.

Public notice has been given that the princess can give no more, but the stream of letters continues to flow to Marlborough House and Sandringham, and Miss Knollys, the chief private secretary, has been driven to devise a lithographed form of regretful refusal. Many of the applications are undoubtedly genuine. One from Llanelly, Wales, for instance, is accompanied by documentary evidence that Mrs. Elizabeth Morris attained her one hundred and fourth birthday on last Tuesday, but there are a good many undeniable attempts to swindle the royal Dorcas.—London Letter.

Mustaches Prohibited.

This is the rule at the well known banking house of Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand. None of the bank clerks wears mustaches, and it has long been considered a point of business etiquette that all the gentlemen employed at the bank should wear frock coats during business hours. A clerkship at Messrs. Coutts' is considered one of the prizes in the banking profession. Some of the men are university graduates, many have been educated at one of the great public schools, while several have been called to the English bar. Some years ago an attempt was made to have the unwritten law regarding mustaches rescinded, but it was found that a greater number preferred the old custom to remain in force than were in favor of its abolition.

This curious custom is also said to prevail in some of the large teahouses in the city, while it is well known that some Church of England bishops prefer the curates under their charge to be clean shaven. A lady who tried about three years ago to enforce a shaved face on the groom in her employment, and dismissed him at once because he refused compliance with her order, found that the law gave her no such power and was mulcted in £5 for wrongful dismissal and the costs of the action by the judge of the Bedford county court.—London Standard.

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The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph st; T A Pocket, V-P; Michael Tuoby, Rec Sec, 1427 Jackson st; Wm Tarritt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D F Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3324 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Layeke, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2948 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James F Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Fulton st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lyceo, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3073 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Fortythird st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Pat Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 27-8 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R O McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 8 p m, Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P Cunningham, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Cunningham, R S, 3939 Dyer st; Thos Gallgher, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 436 Wentworth av.

Div 10—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 466 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Carolina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2901 Archer av; T J Maney, V-P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry F Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas Connor, Rec Sec, 2958 State st; Patrick J Hagge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5539 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday, 31st and Peoriasts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Ladin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 5652 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2486 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougher y, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer h Sullivan, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Quigley's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Senaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Erie st; John McLaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4316 Dyer st; James McLean, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 6701 Halsted and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4956 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 245 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schaal's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 368, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1330, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday each month in Hoy's Rotary corners, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 19310 Almon av; P C Harmon, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, 19110 Almon av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3556 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Barney Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace st; M H Goey, Fin Sec; C Melnerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 393 Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O Beirne; Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meets 3rd Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1859. P J Kennedy, President, 347 Loomis-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V. P.; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 22 Plum-st; Ed Dunphey, Asst Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meets in hall 558 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st; P. J Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 23, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 524 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 248 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Ladin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 185 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis Mocrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Daniel H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3335 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, ass at and hicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 528 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Sook, 763 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2901 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9253 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm S Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Ladin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deveen, 421 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorland, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 425 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neues, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 579 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3801 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3d Friday at 3000 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Prossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Boudard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schemmer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 356 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Helmuth; T, P Mueller. Meets in hall, W

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.

$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.

OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.

OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.

OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $

Young, Makeel & Bradley, Attorneys

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the June Term A. D. 1895. Bernard Curtis vs. Thomas P. Keefe, Marguerite M. Keefe, Timothy Dyer, Catherine E. Dyer, John E. Dooley, William Burke, Mary L. Burke, John M. Chadwick, Elizabeth L. Chadwick, George Adams, Elizabeth Adams, John C. Burke, Margaret Burke, Frank B. Chadwick, Lena C. Chadwick, George S. Foster, Nellie Foster, Stock Growers' National Bank of Cheyenne, Laramie Co., Wyoming, Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, Charles F. Fisher, First National Bank of Monroe, Wis., Arabut Ludlow, Caroline C. Ludlow, Anna Nielsen, William Gibson, trustee, Ira J. McGee, successor in trust, W. S. Struthers, The Omaha Merchandise Company, of Omaha, Nebraska, Thomas J. Rice, Jennie F. Rice, Perry Hersey, Mrs. Hersey, wife of Perry Hersey, George A. Chadwick, Henry Rieke, trustee, Henry W. Bishop, successor in trust, Patrick H. Rice, Mary J. Rice, Jay M. Chadwick, Clara L. Chadwick, W. W. Chadwick, Clara B. Miller, Thomas Harris, Sally P. Fisher, Martha M. Fisher, Ferdinand Spies, Ernest B. Kendall, Leila May Kendall, John A. O'Keefe, Richard C. Cushing, Henry S. Shedd, trustee, S. Leonard Boyce, successor in trust, Midland Building and Loan Association of Cook County, Illinois, George Foster, mortgagee, Newton G. Vosler, Florence Vosler, Andreas Mittelstrasser, Peter McGeoch, Richard Carter, Dime Savings Bank, Bank of Montreal, John Benzett, Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John M. Chadwick and his wife to Central City Bank, of Central City, Nebraska, dated July 3rd, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,898,880, in book 4,300, at page 557, conveying lots 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, in block 11; lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 7; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, in block 10, of Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by trust deed from Anna Nielsen to William Gibson, dated February 17, 1894, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,023,665, in book 4,138, at page 463, conveying lots 7 and 8, in block 9, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision, in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John A. O'Keefe to Richard C. Cushing, dated December 16th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 2,014,170, in book 4,918, at page 113, conveying lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, in block 1; lots 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 12; and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 48, in block 14, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E., of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of note secured by trust deed from Emma Moir to Henry S. Shedd, dated May 19th, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,873,816, in book 4,354, at page 6, conveying lot 5, in block 19, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of note secured by mortgage from Calvin C. Brown to George Foster, dated July 17, 1893, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Cook County, Illinois, as document number 1,902,666, in book 4,341, at page 166, conveying lot 3, in block 23, in Chicago Land Investment Company's Subdivision in the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13 E. of the 3rd P. M., Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Clara L. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to W. W. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Suidivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Clara B. Miller, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Thomas Harris, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Sally P. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Martha M. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to John Benzett, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Clara L. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to W. W. Chadwick, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Clara B. Miller, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Thomas Harris, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Sally P. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to Martha M. Fisher, Unknown owner of claim for dower arising from conveyance of part of Chicago Land Investment Co.'s Subdivision in N. E. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 40 N., R. 13, E. of 3rd P. M., to John A. O'Keefe. In Chancery. No. 141,824.

Notice is hereby given to the said Thomas P. Keefe, Marguerite M. Keefe, Timothy Dyer, Catherine E. Dyer, John E. Dooley, William Burke, Mary L. Burke, John M. Chadwick, Elizabeth L. Chadwick, Frank B. Chadwick, Lena C. Chadwick, Stock Growers' National Bank of Cheyenne, Laramie Co., Wyoming, Central City Bank of Central City, Nebraska, Charles F. Fisher, First National Bank of Monroe, Wis., Arabut Ludlow, Caroline C. Ludlow, Anna Nielsen, W. S. Struthers, The Omaha Merchandise Company, of Omaha, Nebraska, George A. Chadwick, Jay M. Chadwick, Clara L. Chadwick, W. W. Chadwick, Clara B. Miller, Thomas Harris, Sally P. Fisher, Martha M. Fisher, John A. O'Keefe, Richard C. Cushing, Newton G. Vosler, Florence Vosler, Andreas Mittelstrasser, Peter McGeoch, Richard Carter, John Benzett, Unknown owner of notes secured by mortgage from John M. 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O'Keefe, that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the Third Monday of June A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
YOUNG, MAKEEL & BRADLEY, Complainant's Solicitors.

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

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